

# L E T T E R S

B E T W E E N

The Duke of GRAFTON, the Earls of HALIFAX, EGREMONT, CHATHAM, TEMPLE, and TALBOT, Baron BOTTETOURT, Rt. Hon. HENRY BILSON

LEGGE, Rt. Hon Sir JOHN CUST, Bart. Mr. CHARLES CHURCHILL, Monsieur VOLTAIRE, the Abbé WINCKLEMAN, &c. &c.

A N D

J O H N W I L K E S, E S Q.

With EXPLANATORY NOTES.

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Fides, Libertas, Amicitia, præcipua humani animi bona sunt.  
TACITUS.

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L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year 1769.



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The following Letters, &c. we can assure the public are genuine. The originals of the greater part are in the possession of the earls of EGREMONT and HALIFAX\*. They are presented to the public, because they bear an immediate relation to the NORTH BRITONS, and are necessary to elucidate many particulars in them, as do the Letters of Mr. Churchill (which are added) many particulars as well as passages in his poems.

## L E T T E R S, &c.

**M**R. Secker presents his compliments to Mr. Wilkes, he has been three times at his house to wait on him from lord Talbot. Mr. Secker would be obliged to Mr. Wilkes to let him know by a note directed to him at Mr. Holford's, St. James's Palace, where and what time Mr. Secker could speak to him this afternoon. If he does not hear from Mr. Wilkes, will wait on him by nine o'clock tomorrow morning at his house.

Sept. 10,

half an hour past two o'clock.

Directed to John Wilkes, esq;

\* These two lords were then Secretaries of State, and, besides many other illegal acts, gave orders for the seizure of all Mr. Wilkes's papers, on a suspicion, not confirmed by oath, of his having written a pretended libel.

B

Mr.



**M**R. Wilkes's compliments to Mr. Secker, was not acquainted till this minute by his note that Mr. Secker had once called in Great George-Street, shall be at home from seven till eight this evening, and as Mr. Wilkes shall be alone, he supposes at this meeting Mr. Secker will bring no company.

Great George-Street.  
Friday afternoon, five, Sept. 10.

Directed to Mr. Secker, at Mr. Holford's,  
St. James's Palace.

**M**R. Secker's compliments to Mr. Wilkes, he will wait on him alone this evening between seven and eight.

St. James's.

Directed to John Wilkes, esq.

S I R,

**A**S I have received no answer to a letter I wrote to you on the 25th of August, and find by sending to your house in town, that I can have no immediate opportunity of seeing you, I am forced again by letter to ask if you avow or disclaim being author of the paper entitled the North Briton, of the 21st of August.

TALBOT.

Bolton Street.  
Sept. 10, 1762.

Directed to Col. Wilkes.

Great

Great George-Street, Friday, Sept. 10.

MY LORD,

**I** Beg your lordship to do me the justice to believe that I have never yet received the letter to me at Winchester, which Mr. Secker tells me was sent there a fortnight ago. I have just now the honour of your lordship's by that gentleman. Your lordship asks, if I avow or disclaim being author of the paper entitled the North Briton of the 21st of August. My answer is, that I must first insist on knowing your lordship's right to catechise me about an anonymous paper. If your lordship is not satisfied with this, I shall ever be ready to give your lordship any other satisfaction becoming me as a gentleman.

I am, my lord,

Your lordship's most obedient,  
humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to Earl Talbot.

Winchester, Sept. 14, 1762.

MY LORD,

**I** Left Winchester, with lord \* Effingham's leave, on the second of August, and did not return to this city till the 12th of this month. My drum-major brought me your

\* Commander in chief of the troops in and near Winchester.

B 2

lord-



lordship's letter yesterday. I now return it with the seal unbroke, as the clearest demonstration that I never have read the contents of it. I suppose they are the same with the letter I had the honour of receiving and answering by Mr. Secker.

I am, my lord,

Your lordship's most obedient,  
humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to Earl Talbot.

S I R,

**I** Suppose you have by this time found the letter I wrote directed to you at Winchester, and that hath acquainted you why I addressed myself to Mr. Wilkes, to enquire if the North Briton of the 21st of August was written by him. I well know every gentleman who contributes to support periodical papers by his pen, is not answerable for all the papers that appear under the title of that which he assists, but I cannot conceive that any man should refuse to assure a person who hath been the object of the wit of any paper, that he was not the author of a paper he did not write. Every man's sense of honour ought to direct his conduct; if you prefer a personal engagement to the denying being the author of a paper that hath been so free with my name, I, who am publicly affronted by that paper, cannot in honour avoid requiring the satisfaction you seem most desirous to give. Be pleased to write or send to me as  
soon



soon as you have determined what part you will act. I shall be in London Thursday and Friday next, and this day 'se'ennight, after which I shall not be in London till Thursday the 23d.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

TALBOT.

Bolton-Street,  
Sept. 12, 1762.

Directed to Col. Wilkes.

Winchester, Sept. 16, 1762.

MY LORD,

I Had not till yesterday the honour of your lordship's letter of the 12th, and embrace this earliest opportunity of acknowledging it. Your lordship has not yet, in my poor idea, ascertained the right you claim of interrogating me about the paper of the 21st of August, and I will first know the very good authority on which I am thus questioned, before I will return any answer whatever.

Your lordship desires me to write or send to you as soon as I have determined what part I shall act. I intended my first letter should have made that sufficiently clear.

I am, my lord,

Your lordship's very humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to Earl Talbot.

B 3

SIR,

S I R,

**I** Have this instant received your's of the 16th. It is your own declaration before men of truth and honor, that you occasionally assisted the paper called the North Briton with your pen, that is the foundation of my interrogating you about the North Briton of the 21st of August—and whatever may be your idea, mine is that when a gentleman owns himself an occasional author of an anonymous satyrical paper, any person by name ridiculed in such an hebdomadal performance hath a right to ask the occasional avowed writer, if he was the author of the offending paper.

You may now, Sir, answer my question or not, I have offered to put myself upon that footing with you that became a man who hath spirit, and is influenced by honour—if you do not deny the paper, I must and will conclude you wrote it.

Your humble servant,

TALBOT.

Bolton-street,  
Sept. 17, 1762.

Directed to Col. Wilkes.

Win-

Winchester, Sept. 21, 1762.

My LORD,

**S**UNDAY's post brought me your lordship's of the 17th, and by the return of it this waits on your lordship.

You are pleased to say that it is my own declaration before men of truth and honour, that I occasionally assisted the paper called the North Briton. I wish your lordship had been more explicit, and had mentioned the name of any one gentleman before whom I made that declaration. Was it made in public? or was it in private conversation? Still I have the misfortune of not yet seeing your lordship's right of putting the question to me about the paper of the 21st of August, and till I do, I will never resolve your lordship on that head, though I would any friend I have in the world, who had the curiosity of asking me, if it was in a civil manner.

Your lordship says, that if I do not deny the paper, you must and will conclude I wrote it. Your lordship has my free consent to make any conclusions you think proper, whether they are well or ill grounded; and I feel the most perfect indifference about what they are, or the consequences of them.

I intend at present to make a tour on Thursday to the Isle of Wight. I shall return to this city the beginning of the next week.

I am, my lord,

Your lordship's

Most humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to Earl Talbot.

B 4

Win-

Winchester, Sept. 30, 1762.

SIR,

**L**ORD Talbot, by your message, has at last brought this most important question to the precise point, where my first answer to his lordship fixed it, if he preferred that. As you have only seen the two last letters, I must entreat you to cast your eye over those preceding, because I apprehend they will justify an observation or two I made this morning, when I had the honour of paying my compliments to you at camp.

Be assured that if I am between heaven and earth, I will be on Tuesday evening at Tilbury's, the Red Lion at Bagshot, and on Wednesday morning I will play this duet with his lordship.

It is a real satisfaction to me, that his lordship is to be accompanied by a gentleman of Colonel Berkeley's worth and honour.

This will be delivered to you by my adjutant, who attends me to Bagshot. I shall not bring any servant with me, from the fear of any of the parties being known. My pistols only, or his lordship's, at his option, shall decide this point.

I beg the favour of you to return me the letters, as I mean to leave Winchester this evening.

ing. I have lord Bruce's \* leave of absence for ten days.

I am, with sincere regard,

Sir,

Your very humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

I hope that we may make a *partie quarreé* for supper on Tuesday at Bagshot.

Directed to Colonel Berkeley, now lord  
Bottetourt.

SIR,

I Have read all the letters, and shall depend upon the pleasure of supping with you at Tilbury's, the Red Lion at Bagshot, Tuesday evening. My servant will attend me, as the going alone would give room for suspicion, but you may depend upon his following your direction at Bagshot, and that he shall not be seen where you would not have him—I am much obliged by your favourable opinion,

And am your humble servant,

N. BERKELEY.

Camp near Winchester, Sept. 30, 1762.

\* In the absence of lord *Effingham* the command had devolved on lord Bruce.



Inclosed is a copy of a letter received by Mr. Stanley this afternoon. (It related to the taking of the Havannah.)

Directed to Colonel Wilkes.

Red Lion at Bagshot, Tuesday, 10 at night.

MY LORD,

I Had the honour of transmitting to your lordship copies of seven letters, which passed between lord Talbot and me. As the affair is now over, I enclose an original letter of colonel Berkeley, with a copy of mine previous to it, which fixed the particulars of our meeting, and therefore remained a secret, very sacredly kept by the four persons concerned.

I came here at three this afternoon, and about five I was told that lord Talbot and colonel Berkeley were in the house. Lord Talbot had been here at one, and was gone again, leaving a message however that he would soon return. I had continued in the room where I was at my first coming, for fear of raising any suspicion. I sent a compliment to colonel Berkeley, and that I wished to see him. He was so obliging as to come to me directly. I told him that I supposed we were to sup together with lord Talbot, whom I was ready to attend, as became a private gentleman, and that he and Mr. Harris, as our seconds, would settle the business of the next morning, according to my letter to him from Winchester, and his answer. Berkeley said that his lordship desired to finish the business immediately. I replied, that the appoint-



appointment was to sup together that evening, and to fight in the morning, that in consequence of such an arrangement, I had, like an idle man of pleasure, put off some business of real importance, which I meant to settle before I went to bed. I added, that I was come from \* Medmenham Abbey, where the jovial monks of St. Francis had kept me up till four in the morning, that the world would therefore conclude I was drunk, and form no favourable opinion of his lordship from a duel at such a time; that it more became us both to take a cool hour of the next morning, as early a one as was agreeable to lord Talbot. Berkeley said, that he had undertaken to bring us together, and as we were now both at Bagshot, he would leave us to settle our own business. He then asked me, if I would go with him to lord Talbot. I said I would any moment he pleased. We went directly with my adjutant, Mr. Harris.

I found lord Talbot in an agony of passion. He said, that I had injured, that I had insulted him, that he was not used to be injured, or insulted: what did I mean? Did I, or did I not, write the North Briton of August the 21st, which affronted his honour? He would know; he insisted on a direct answer: here were his pistols. I replied, that he would soon use them, that I desired to know by what right his lordship catechised me about a paper, which did not bear my name, that I should never resolve him that question, till he made out the right of

\* Vide a note respecting Medmenham Abbey, at the end of this letter.

putting

putting it, and that if I could have entertained any other idea, I was too well bred to have given his lordship and colonel Berkeley the trouble of coming to Bagshot. I observed, that I was a private English gentleman, perfectly free and independent, which I held to be a character of the highest dignity, that I obeyed with pleasure a gracious sovereign, but would never submit to the arbitrary dictates of a fellow subject, a lord steward of his household, my superior indeed in rank, fortune, and abilities, but my equal only in honour, courage, and liberty. Lord Talbot then asked me, if I would fight him that evening. I said, that I preferred the next morning, as it had been settled before, and gave my reasons. His lordship replied, that he insisted on finishing the affair immediately. I told him, that I should very soon be ready, that I did not mean to quit him, but would absolutely first settle some important business relative to the education of an only daughter, whom I tenderly loved, that it would take up a very little time, and I would immediately after decide the affair in any way he chose, for I had brought both sword and pistols. I rung the bell for pen, ink, and paper, desiring his lordship to conceal his pistols, that they might not be seen by the waiter. He soon after became half frantic, and made use of a thousand indecent expressions, that I should be hanged, damned, &c. I said, that I was not to be frightened, nor in the least affected, by such violence, that God had given me a firmness and spirit, equal to his lordship's, or any man's, that cool courage should always mark me, and that it would be seen how well bottomed I was.

After

After the waiter had brought pen, ink, and paper, I proposed that the door of the room might be locked, and not opened till our business was decided. Lord Talbot on this proposition became quite outrageous, declared that this was mere butchery, and that I was a wretch, who sought his life. I reminded him, that I came there on a point of honour, to give his lordship satisfaction, that I mentioned the circumstance of locking the door only to prevent all possibility of interruption, and that I would in every circumstance be governed, not by the turbulence of the most violent temper I had ever seen, but by the calm determinations of our two seconds, to whom I implicitly submitted. Lord Talbot then asked me, if I would deny the paper. I answered, that I neither would own, nor deny it; if I survived, I would afterwards declare, not before. Soon after he grew a little cooler, and in a soothing tone of voice said, I have never, I believe, offended Mr. Wilkes: why has he attacked me? he must be sorry to see me unhappy. I asked upon what grounds his lordship imputed the paper to me; that Mr. Wilkes would justify any paper to which he had put his name, and would equally assert the privilege of not giving any answer whatever about a paper to which he had not; that this was my undoubted right, which I was ready to seal with my blood. He then said he admired me exceedingly, really loved me, but I was an unaccountable animal—such parts! but would I kill him, who had never offended me? &c. &c. &c.

We

We had after this a good deal of conversation about the Buckinghamshire militia, and the day his lordship came to see us on Wycombe Heath, before I was colonel. He soon after flamed out again, and said to me, you are a murderer, you want to kill me, but I am sure that I shall kill you, I know I shall by God. If you will fight, if you kill me, I hope you will be hanged. I know you will. Berkeley and Harris were shocked. I asked, if I was first to be killed, and afterwards hanged, that I knew his lordship fought me with the king's pardon in his pocket, and I fought him with a halter about my neck, that I would fight him for all that, and if he fell, I should not tarry here a moment for the tender mercies of such a ministry, but would directly proceed to the next stage, where my valet de chambre waited for me, and from thence I would make the best of my way to France, for men of honour were sure of protection in that kingdom. He seemed much affected by this. He then told me, that I was an unbeliever, and wished to be killed. I could not help smiling at this, and observed that we did not meet at Bagshot to settle articles of faith, but points of honour, that indeed I had no fear of dying, but I enjoyed life as much as any man in it, that I was as little subject to be gloomy, or even peevish, as any Englishman whatever, that I valued life, and the fair enjoyments of it so much, I would never quit it by my own consent, except on a call of honour.

I then wrote a letter to your lordship, respecting the education of Miss Wilkes, and gave you my poor thanks for the steady friendship,  
with



with which you have so many years honoured me. Colonel Berkeley took the care of the letter, and I have since desired him to send it to Stowe, for the sentiments of the heart at such a moment are beyond all politicks, and indeed every thing else, but such virtue as lord Temple's.

When I had sealed my letter, I told lord Talbot that I was entirely at his service, and I again desired that we might decide the affair in the room, because there could not be a possibility of interruption; but he was quite inexorable. He then asked me, how many times we should fire. I said that I left it to his choice; I had brought a flask of powder, and a bag of bullets. Our seconds then charged the pistols, which my lord had brought. They were large horse pistols. It was agreed that we should fire at the word of command, to be given by one of our seconds. They tossed up, and it fell to my adjutant to give the word. We then left the inn, and walked to a garden at some distance from the house. It was near seven, and the moon shone very bright. We stood about eight yards distant, and agreed not to turn round before we fired, but to continue facing each other. Harris gave the word. Both our fires were in very exact time, but neither took effect. I walked up immediately to lord Talbot, and told him that now I avowed the paper. His lordship paid me the highest encomiums on my courage, and said he would declare every where that I was the noblest fellow God had ever made. He then desired, that we might now be good friends, and retire to the inn to drink a bottle of claret  
toget-

together, which we did with great good humour and much laughter. Lord Talbot afterwards went to Windsor, Berkeley and Harris to Winchester, and I continue here till to-morrow morning, waiting the return of my valet de chambre, to whom I have sent a messenger. Berkeley told me, that he was grieved for lord Talbot's passion, and admired my courage and coolness beyond his farthest idea: that was his expression.

I have a million of other particulars to relate, but I blush already at the length of this letter. Your lordship will soon see colonel Berkeley, and I hope in a very few days to pay my devoirs at Stowe. I intend to be at Aylesbury quarter sessions by Thursday dinner.

My most respectful compliments always attend lady Temple,

I am ever, my dear lord,

Your lordship's very devoted,

and obedient humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to Earl Temple.



WE subjoin the following, which is said to be an explanatory note of a passage in Mr. Churchill's Candidate, where he speaks of *Medmenham Abbey*.

Whilst Womanhood, in habit of a Nun,  
At *Medmenham* lies, by *backward* Monks undone,  
A nation's reck'ning, like an alehouse score,  
Whilst *Paul the aged* chalks behind a door,  
Compell'd to hire a foe to cast it up;  
Dashwood shall pour, from a Communion Cup,  
Libations to the Goddesses without eyes,  
And Hob or Nob in Cyder and Excise.

THE CANDIDATE.

Medmenham, or as it is pronounced Mednam, Abbey, is a very large house on the banks of the Thames near Marlow in Buckinghamshire. It was formerly a convent of Cistercian Monks. The situation is remarkably fine. Beautiful hanging woods, soft meadows, a crystal stream, and a grove of venerable old elms near the house, with the retiredness of the mansion itself, made it as sweet a retreat, as the most poetical imagination could create. Sir Francis Dashwood, Sir Thomas Stapleton, *Paul Whitehead*, Mr. Wilkes, and other gentlemen to the number of twelve, rented the Abbey, and often retired there in the summer. Among other amusements they had sometimes a mock celebration of the more ridiculous rites of the foreign religious orders of the *church of Rome*, of the Franciscans in particular, for the gentlemen had taken that title from their founder, Sir Francis Dashwood. *Paul the aged* was secretary and steward to the order. Mr. Wilkes had not been



been at the Abbey for many months before the publication of this poem in 1764.

No profane eye has dared to penetrate into the English Eleusinian mysteries of the chapter room, where the monks assembled on all solemn occasions, the more secret rites were performed, and *libations poured* forth in much pomp to the BONA DEA. I shall only venture to relate what many mortal eyes have seen, and *sit mihi fas audita loqui*.

Over the grand entrance was the famous inscription on Rabelais' Abbey of THELEME, *Fay ce que voudras*, and at the end of the passage, over the door, *Aude, bospes, contemnere opes*. At one end of the refectory was Harpocrates, the Egyptian God of silence, at the other the Goddess Angerona, which seemed to imply that the same duty was enjoined both sexes.

The garden, the grove, the orchard, the neighbouring woods, all spoke the loves and frailties of the younger monks, who seemed at least to have sinned *naturally*. You saw in one place—*Ici pâma de joïe des mortels le plus beureux*—in another very imperfectly—*mourut un amant sur le sein de sa dame*—in a third—*en cet endroit mille baisers de flamme furent donnés, & mille autres rendus*. Against a fine old oak was

*Hic Satyrum Naias victorem victa subegit.*

At the entrance of a cave was the Venus, stooping to pull a thorn out of her foot. The  
statue

statue turned from you, and just over the two nether hills of snow were these lines of Virgil,

*Hic locus est, partes ubi se via findit in ambas:  
Hac iter Elysium nobis: ut læva malorum  
Exercet pœnas, & ad impia Tartara mittit.*

On the inside over a mossy couch was the following exhortation,

*Ite, agite, o juvenes; pariter sudate medullis  
Omnibus inter vos; non murmura vestra columbæ,  
Brachia non bederæ, non vincant oscula conchæ.*

The favourite doctrine of the Abbey is certainly not *penitence*; for in the centre of the orchard was a very grotesque figure, and in his hand a reed stood flaming, tipped with fire, to use Milton's words, and you might trace out,

P E N I T E N T O

*non*

P E N I T E N T I.

On the pedestal was a whimsical representation of Trophonius's cave, from whence all creatures were said to come out melancholy. Among that strange, dismal group, you might however remark a cock crowing and a Carmelite laughing. The words—*gallum gallinaceum* & *sacerdotem gratis*—were only legible\*.

\* Omne animal post coitum triste est, præter gallum gallinaceum, et sacerdotem gratis fornicantem.

Near

Near the Abbey was a small, neat temple erected to Cloacine, with the inscription, *This chapel of ease was founded in the year 1760.* Facing the entrance on the inside,

*Æquè pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æquè,  
Æquè neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.*

The following letter, printed in the St. James's Chronicle about the time of the publication of the *Candidate*, will enable the reader to give a shrewd guess at the GODDESS WITHOUT EYES, to whom Sir Francis Dashwood not only poured out libations from a communion cup, but actually built a temple in his gardens at West Wycombe.

SIR,

SIR,

I AM just returned from a tour into Buckinghamshire, which has afforded me much pleasure. The noble prospect from *Cliefden House* enchanted me; and I was in raptures with the many elegant beauties of Stowe. As an Englishman, I was particularly pleased that all the great patriots and heroes of my country, Alfred, King William the Third, Hampden, Sir Walter Raleigh, &c. receive *there* that just tribute of praise, which this nation, while it remains free, will continue to pay to superior virtue. At Stowe both antient and modern virtue are enshrined with grateful magnificence. Not only good taste, but patriotism, are conspicuous in that delightful paradise, the favourite abode of the virtues, graces, and muses. STOWE however has so often been described by abler pens, that I shall dwell no longer there, though I never leave it without the most sensible regret.

I returned by West Wycombe, and passed a day in viewing the villa of Sir Francis Dashwood, now lord le Despencer, and the church he has just built on the TOP of a very steep hill, for the convenience and devotion of the town at the BOTTOM of it. I must own, the noble lord's gardens gave me no stronger idea of his virtue or patriotism, than the situation of the new-built church did of his piety. Some churches have been built from devotion, others from parade, or vanity. I believe this is the first church, which has been built for a prospect. The word *memento* in immense letters on the steeple surprised and perplexed me. I could not find the  
*mori,*



*meri*, or perhaps the other word was *meri*, from the practice as well as the precept of the noble lord. As to the elegance of the Latin, his lordship has embarrassed himself as little about that, as he has about the elegance of his English. *Memento meri* is besides more monkish, and therefore more becoming St. Francis. This conjecture, that the other word on the outside must be *meri*, is farther strengthened by the magnificent gilt ball at the top of the steeple, which is hollowed and made so very convenient on the inside for the celebration, not of *devotional*, but of *convivial* rites, that it is the best Globe Tavern I was ever in. Yet I must own that I was afraid my descent from it would have been as precipitate, as his lordship's was from a \* high station, which TURNED HIS HEAD too. I admire likewise the silence and secrecy, which reign in that *great globe*, undisturbed but by his jolly songs, very unfit for the profane ears of the world below. As to secrecy, it is the most convenient place imaginable; and it is whispered, that a not unimportant political negotiation was here begun by the noble lord himself with Messrs. Wilkes and Churchill. The event will shew the amazing power of his lordship's oratory; but if from perverseness neither of those gentlemen have yielded to his wise reasons, nor to his dazzling offers, they both did justice to what he calls his *divine milk punch*.

The church on the top of the hill is not the only temple here erected by the noble lord. There is another in the gardens at West Wy-

\* The chancellor of the Exchequer.

combe,



combe, dedicated to =, the Egyptian Hieroglyphic for the reverend Tristram Shandy's TETRAGRAMMATON, the four favourite \*\*\*\*. To this object his lordship's devotion is undoubtedly *sincere*, though I believe now not  *fervent*, nor do I take him at present to be often *prostrate*, or indeed in any way very regular in his *ejaculations*. In this point his lordship is consistent, for he keeps up the same public worship in the country, to which he has been accustomed in town. There was for many years in the great room at the King's Arms Tavern, in New Palace Yard, an original picture of Sir Francis Dashwood, presented by himself to the Dilettanti Club. He is in the habit of a Franciscan, upon his knees before the Venus of Medicis, and his gloating eyes fixed, as in a trance, on what the modesty of nature seems most desirous to conceal. The *communion cup* in his hand, which is filled to the brim, tells us the object of his devotion, for it has the words MATRI SANCTORUM in capitals. The *glory* too, which till then had only encircled the sacred heads of our Saviour and the Apostles, is made to beam on that favourite spot, and seems even to pierce the hallowed gloom of *Maidenhead-thicket*. The public saw, and were for many years offended with so infamous a picture, yet it remained there, till that club left the house. As to the temple I have mentioned, you find at first what is called an *error in limine*; for the entrance to it is contrived to shadow out to us the entrance by which we all come into the world, and the door is made to represent what some idle wits have called *the door of life*. It is reported that on a late visit to *his* chancellor, lord Bute particularly

ticularly admired this building, and advised the noble owner to lay out the 500l. bequeathed to him by lord Melcombe's will *for an erection*, in a *Paphian* column, to stand at the entrance, to be made of Scottish pebbles.

In these gardens no bust even is to be found of Socrates, Epaminondas, Hampden, or Sydney, but there is a most indecent statue of the *unnatural satyr*. At the entrance to the temple I have mentioned, are two urns sacred, not to a *Lucretia* and a *Sen. pronia*, but to the *Epbesian matron*, and to *Potiphar's wife*, with the inscriptions, *Matronæ Epbesiæ Cineres*, *Dominæ Potiphar Cineres*. These urns, containing the *holy ashes of the great and virtuous dead*, are, with a happy propriety, doubly gilt, though not quite so strongly as that at Hammersmith, supposed to hold the ashes of the celebrated female, who died the wife of *George Bub Doddington, esq;* afterwards lord *Melcombe*. This gaudy urn quite dazzled the eye, and was placed on a proud column by the poor, forlorn, disconsolate husband, undoubtedly *conjugalioris amoris solamen simul & monumentum*. You ascend between the urns of *Potiphar's wife* and the *Epbesian matron* to the top of the building, which is crowned with a particular pillar, designed, I suppose, to represent our former very upright state, when we could say *fuimus tories, fuit ingens gloria*, and it is skirted with very pretty underwood, the *Cyprian myrtle*, &c. the meaning of which I could not discover.

The house contains nothing remarkable, except on the grand stair-case a very moral painting

ing of a maid stealing to her master's bed, laying at the same time her fingers on her lips.

On my return I had the pleasure of seeing the noble lord's jappanned coach; but while I was observing his new motto in Gothic letters, *Pro Magna Charta*, the mob grew riotous and were hallooing, LIBERTY, PROPERTY, AND NO EXCISE. I therefore chose to make the best of my way to the park. I found there a very odd thing, which I intended to present to the society of antiquaries. It is a gold sleeve button, with IHS and the sign of the cross enamelled on it. I guessed that it belonged to some concealed brother of the society of Jesus, but a servant in \* *green* claimed it as the property of his lord, and said that it was a part of the *pontificalia* worn by his master, when he officiated on the great festival days of high laugh at certain mysteries. I therefore gave it up to him, and retired to my inn, full of astonishment that any man should take so much pains, and be at so great an expence, only to shew a public contempt of all decency, order, and virtue.

I am, &c.

\* The livery of lord Le Despencer.

Extract from the Trial of William Lord Byron, for the Murder of William Chaworth, Esq. before the House of Peers on the 16th of April, 1765. Published by Order of the House of Peers.

Page 20.

EARL TALBOT asks the witness,

“ When you reproved Mr. Chaworth for having gone too far in what he had *said* to lord  
“ Byron, by *saying*, I think he *said* rather more  
“ than was necessary on so trifling an occasion,  
“ did not you think the words he had *said* were  
“ of force enough to a MAN OF STRICT HONOUR AND NICE SENSIBILITY, to require  
“ an explanation?

From

## From a Dublin Journal.

**T**HE following letter is presented to the public, because it is a kind of *state paper*, and gives authentic evidence of an infamous scene transacted by the Scottish minister in the year 1763. The *original*, from which this is printed *verbatim*, was among other papers carelessly tumbled into a sack in Great George Street, and was made a property of for some weeks by the earls of Egremont and Halifax. It is now in the editor's possession. How he came by it, does not concern the public, but it concerns his character as an honest man to declare, that he did not *bribe any servant to steal it out of his master's house*.

Saturday morning, March 26, 1763.

DEAR WILKES,

**A**S I can't be sure of seeing you in a day or two, I can't help writing a line to correct a mistake which Buller tells me you are under, and which, if true, would give me great concern. He informs me that you lamented my having given some sort of countenance to the terms of the NEW LOAN, which surprizes me greatly in a matter where my attention and my practice was just the contrary, and I must have expressed my thoughts strangely to be so misunderstood, if you were present at the times I spoke. I think I can recollect almost the words I used both days, and will repeat them to you. When Sir Francis brought in both the taxes,



and the *loan*, (and that was before the exorbitant premium upon the tickets had taken effect,) I said that as to one of the taxes (the *wine*) I was certain it would bring in nothing, that is, cause no encrease upon the general revenue on *wine*, but on the contrary diminish it, and gave my reason. As to the bargain, I thought it a bad one; for that the *treasury* themselves in the disposition they had made of the *navy bills and ordnance debentures*, supposed the *redeemable four per cents* to be at par, that the *premium* therefore upon this bargain would be whatever the rage for play (when the gamesters would think they were come for the last time to the table, and with a great deal of money in their pockets) should induce them to give for *lottery tickets*. This might go, especially upon two lotteries, to two, three, or more pounds *per ticket*, (though indeed I did not foresee it would go higher) and then they would give four, five, or may be, six per cent. *premium* for raising a four *per cent. at par*, which was enormous. Upon the second day I desired what I had said upon the former day might be recollected, and in answer to the excuse Sir Francis made from the time at which the bargain was made, I said it was very possible that while so material an alteration between the *preliminaries and definitive treaty*, as the *East India Article*, was depending, it might make the signing of the *definitive treaty* very doubtful, and consequently affect the stocks. But to what purpose was the head of the board of *treasury* of the cabinet council, and admitted to the knowledge of all foreign affairs, but to form his domestic conduct upon that knowledge, and therefore why was so improper

proper a season pitched upon to make the *loan*? This occasioned Fox to declare that the treasury knew the *definitive treaty* was signed at the time of making the *loan*, and at the same time to declare his wonder at the folly of mankind to give four or five pounds for leave to toss up for ten. In answer to this I replied, that if Treasury knew of the *definitive treaty* being signed, they were inexcusable not to have brought their *loan* to an open subscription, which was the only sure way to take a test of the temper and folly of the market, and might at such a time and for so small a sum have been done with safety.—And you know Oswald then gave reasons to excuse their not having resorted to open *subscriptions*. This is pretty near the manner in which the whole passed. I write in a hurry, but should be very sorry this transaction lay wrong in your honour's mind, especially as you might not be present at the whole both days. I hope you don't go abroad early in next week, and will endeavour to get Dr. Hay and Dr. Butler to meet you here at dinner on Wednesday next, if you stay so long.

I am, dear Wilkes,

faithfully your's,

H. B. LEGGE.

**I**N the *Continuation of the Complete History of England*, by TOBIAS SMOLLETT, M. D. is a character of Mr. Wilkes, and an account of the proceedings against him, in which the usual accuracy of that historian is carefully preserved. The following letters will perhaps shew the real, private sentiments of the doctor even now, as well as before lord Bute undertook the Treasury, his doughty champion and countryman, TOBIAS, became the BRITON, or Mr. Wilkes began to skirmish under the banners of the NORTH BRITON.

Chelsea, March 16, 1759.

DEAR SIR,

**I**AM again your petitioner in behalf of that great chum of literature, Samuel Johnson. His black servant, whose name is Francis Barber, has been pressed on board the Stag Frigate, capt. Angel, and our Lexicographer is in great distress. He says the boy is a sickly lad of a delicate frame, and particularly subject to a malady in his throat, which renders him very unfit for his majesty's service. You know \* what

\* A pleasantry of Mr. Wilkes on that strange passage in Johnson's *Grammar of the English Tongue*, prefixed to the *Dictionary*, "H seldom, perhaps never, begins any but the first syllable." It was printed, when the *Dictionary* first appeared, and contained a few score instances to prove the falsity of Johnson's remark. It began, "The author of this observation must be a man of a quick *appre-ben-sion*, and of a most *compre-ben-sive* genius, &c."

matter

matter of animosity the said Johnson has against you, and I dare say you desire no other opportunity of resenting it than that of laying him under an obligation. He was humble enough to desire my assistance on this occasion, though he and I were never cater-cousins; and I gave him to understand that I would make application to my friend Mr. Wilkes, who perhaps by his interest with Dr. Hay and Mr. Elliott might be able to procure the discharge of his lacquey. It would be superfluous to say more on the subject, which I leave to your own consideration, but I cannot let slip this opportunity of declaring that I am with the most inviolable esteem and attachment,

Dear Sir,

Your affectionate, obliged

humble servant,

T. SMOLLETT.

Directed to John Wilkes, esq.

Chelsea, March 24, 1759.

DEAR SIR,

**E**CCE iterum Crispinus—your generosity with respect to Johnson shall be the theme of our applause and thanksgiving. I shall be very proud to find myself comprehended in your league offensive and defensive, nay, I consider myself already as a contracting party, and have recourse to the assistance of my allies. It is not,

I believe, unknown to you that admiral Knowles has taken exception at a paragraph in the Critical Review of last May, and commenced a prosecution against the printer. Now, whatever termination the trial may have, we shall infallibly be exposed to a considerable expence: and therefore I wish to see the prosecution quashed. Some gentlemen who are my friends, have undertaken to find out and talk with those who are supposed to have influence with the said admiral: may I beg the same favour of you and your friends? The trial will come on in the beginning of May, and if the affair cannot be compromised, we intend to kick up a dust and die hard. In a word, if that foolish admiral has any regard to his own character, he will be quiet rather than provoke further the resentments of

Dear Sir,

Your very obliged,

humble servant,

T. SMOLLETT.

Directed to John Wilkes, esq;

Chelsea,



Chelsea, March 28, 1762.

DEAR SIR,

**M**Y warmest regard, affection and attachment you have long ago secured. My secrecy you may depend upon—when I presume to differ from you in any point of opinion, I shall always do it with diffidence and deference. I have been ill these three months: but hope soon to be in a condition to pay my respects to Mr. Wilkes in person. Mean while I must beg leave to trouble him with another packet, which he will be so good as to consecrate at his leisure. That he may continue to enjoy his happy flow of spirits; and proceed through life with a flowing sail of prosperity and reputation, is the wish, and the hope, and the confident expectation of his much obliged, humble servant,

T. SMOLLETT.

Directed to John Wilkes, esq;

**T**HE following letter Mr. Wilkes wrote to his daughter the day after his commitment to the Tower, and sent it to the earl of Halifax to be forwarded to Paris. It was afterwards printed in the public papers.

Tower, Sunday, May 1, 1763.

My dearest POLLY,

I have now full leisure to pay my compliments to you, and entirely to relieve you from the anxiety your kind affection for me will necessarily give you at the hearing of my commitment to this place. Be assured that I have done nothing unworthy of a man of honour, who has the happiness of being your father. You shall never in life blush for me.

I am only accused of writing the last North Briton, yet my sword has been taken from me, all my papers have been stolen by ruffians, and I have been forcibly brought here. I have not yet seen my accusers, nor have I heard who they are. My friends are refused admittance to me. Lord Temple and my brother could not be allowed to see me yesterday. As an Englishman, I must lament that my liberty is thus wickedly taken away, yet I am not unhappy, for my honour is clear, my health good, and my spirit unshaken, I believe indeed, invincible. The most pleasing thoughts I have are of you, the most agreeable news I can hear, will be the continuance of your health.

I beg you not to write a word of public business, or of my public situation—Can you get  
me

me made *Membre du Parlement de Paris*, for that of *Westminster* is losing all its privileges?

\* \* \* \* \*

Continue to love me, and believe me with the greatest warmth of affection,

Your obliged father,

JOHN WILKES.

MY LORD,

THE king having judged it improper, that John Wilkes, esq; should any longer continue to be colonel of the militia for the county of Buckingham, I am commanded to signify his majesty's pleasure to your lordship, that you do forthwith give the necessary orders for displacing Mr. Wilkes, as an officer in the militia for the said county of Buckingham.

I am, with respect,

My lord,

Your lordship's most obedient,

humble servant,

EGREMONT.

Whitehall, May 4, 1763.

Directed to Earl Temple.

SIR,

SIR,

**A**T my return last night from the Tower, I received the enclosed letter from the earl of Egremont. In consequence of his Majesty's commands therein signified, you will please to observe, that you no longer continue colonel of the militia for the county of Buckingham.

I cannot at the same time help expressing the concern I feel in the loss of an officer, by his deportment in command endeared to the whole corps.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

and most humble servant,

TEMPLE.

Pall-Mall, May 5, 1763.

Directed to John Wilkes, esq;

MY LORD,

**I**HAVE this moment the honour of your lordship's letter, signifying his Majesty's commands, that I should no longer continue colonel of the militia for the county of Buckingham. I have only to return your lordship my warmest thanks for the spirit and zeal you have shewn in the support of that constitutional measure from the very beginning. Your lordship will please to remember, that I was among the foremost who offered their services to their country

country at that crisis. Buckinghamshire is sensible, and has always acknowledged, that no man but your lordship could have given success to that measure in our inland county. I am proud of the testimony \* your lordship is pleased to give me, and happy, in these days of peace, to leave so excellent a corps in that perfect harmony, which has from the beginning subsisted.

I have the honour to be,

With unfeigned respect,

MY LORD,

Your lordship's most obedient,

and most humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

Tower, May 5, 1763.

Directed to the Earl Temple.

\* Mr. Wilkes succeeded Sir Francis Dashwood, now Lord Le Despencer, as Colonel. When Sir Francis resign'd, he wrote to the Officers of the Buckinghamshire regiment, " If  
" the succession goes in the Regiment, (as I  
" hope it will, and think it ought) then I must  
" add, my successor is a man of spirit, good  
" sense, parts, and civil deportment, who has  
" shewn resolution, and industry in putting this  
" salutary measure into execution."

The



The hour of Mr. Wilkes's return to his own house from the court of Common Pleas, he sent the following letter to the secretaries of state.

Great George Street, May 6, 1763.

MY LORDS,

ON my return here from Westminster-hall, where I have been discharged from my commitment to the Tower under your lordships' warrant, I find that my house has been robbed, and am informed that the *stolen goods*\* are in the possession of one or both of your lordships. I therefore insist that you do forthwith return them to

Your humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

Great George Street, May 7, 1763.

SIR,

IN answer to your letter of yesterday, in which you take upon you to make use of the *indecent* and *scurrilous* expressions of your having found *your house had been robbed*, and that the

\* A special jury of gentlemen were afterwards of opinion that the secretaries of state were guilty of this *theft*. The action against the under-secretary Mr. *Wood* was tried in the Common Pleas, and a verdict was given for Mr. Wilkes, the plaintiff, with 1000*l.* damages, and costs of suit.

*stolen*

*stolen goods are in our possession*: we acquaint you that your papers were seized in consequence of the heavy charge brought against you, for being the author of an infamous and seditious libel, tending to inflame the minds, and alienate the affections of the people from his majesty, and excite them to traiterous insurrections against the government; for which libel, notwithstanding your discharge from your commitment to the Tower, his majesty has ordered you to be prosecuted by his attorney-general.

We are at a loss to guess what you mean by *stolen goods*; but such of your papers as do not lead to a proof of your guilt, shall be restored to you; such as are necessary for that purpose, it was our duty to deliver over to those, whose office it is to collect the evidence, and manage the prosecution against you.

We are

Your humble servants,

EGREMONT.

DUNK HALIFAX.

Directed to Mr. Wilkes.

Great George-Street, May 9, 1763.

MY LORDS,

**L**ITTLE did I expect, when I was requiring from your lordships what an Englishman has a right to, his property taken from him, and said to be in your lordships' possession, that I should have received in answer, from persons

sons in your high station, the expressions of *indecent* and *scurrilous* applied to my legal demand. The respect I bear to his Majesty, whose servants it seems you still are, though you stand legally convicted of having in me violated, in the highest and most offensive manner, the liberties of all the Commons of England, prevents my returning you an answer in the same Billingsgate language. If I considered you only in your private capacities, I should treat you both according to your deserts; but where is the wonder that men, who have attacked the sacred liberty of the subject, and have issued an illegal warrant to seize his property, should proceed to such libellous expressions? You say "that such of my papers shall be restored to me, as do not lead to a proof of my guilt." I owe this to your apprehension of an action, not to your love of justice; and in that light, if I can believe your lordships' assurances, the whole will be returned to me. I fear neither your prosecution and persecution; and I will assert the security of my own house, the liberty of my person, and every right of the people, not so much for my own sake, as for the sake of every one of my English fellow subjects.

I am, my lords,

Your humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to the earls of Egremont and Halifax,  
his Majesty's principal secretaries of state.

From

From the St. James's Chronicle, Sept. 27, 1763.

To the PRINTER of The ST. JAMES'S  
CHRONICLE.

SIR,

**I** DESIRE you to communicate to the public the following letters, which you may be assured are genuine. I think you should premise, that captain Forbes, by Mr. Murray's own confession, was concealed for some time at his house, which was the occasion that Mr. Murray too was put under arrest, by order of the marshals of France, and was brought before marshal Noailles, the senior marshal, at the same time with Mr. Wilkes. Diligent search was made for captain Forbes, but he had absconded.

Mr. Wilkes was obliged before marshal Noailles, to sign a *Parole d'Honneur*, that he would not proceed to any *voye de fait, directe ou indirecte*, with captain Forbes, and Mr. Murray engaged in the same manner for captain Forbes, in consequence of which the guards of Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Murray were discharged.

Mr. Forbes has never since appeared at Paris. After the first letter enclosed, which was sent Sept. 7, Mr. Wilkes went several times to Mr. Murray's house, sometimes with Monsieur Goy, sometimes alone, but could never be admitted. Mr. Murray only once called at the Hotel de Saxe, while Mr. Wilkes was absent on a two days tour to Fontainebleau. Mr. Wilkes left  
Paris

Paris the 18th of September. The day before he called at Mr. Murray's house, and, not being admitted, left word that he should set off for Flanders the next morning.

Mr. Wilkes arrived at Menin the 21st in the morning, and went directly to the post house. He found no letter there, either from captain Forbes or Mr. Murray. He continued at Menin all that day, and the next went again to the post-master, but with no better success. He then left a direction where he was gone, and set off for Dunkirk.

I think, Sir, that you ought to do Mr. Forbes the justice to declare, that it is certain, in the whole of this affair, although he was guilty of much rashness, yet he was not of any rudeness, nor even incivility of expression.

To the Hon. Alexander Murray, Esq;

SIR,

**I** HAVE waited with no small impatience, and I believe you will agree with me, that before this *Captain Forbes* ought to have sent to me. You know every thing which has passed between us, and the wild, extravagant wish he formed of fighting me, on no pretence, nor provocation.

I am no prize-fighter ; yet I told him that I would indulge him, and as soon as I could. I mentioned to him the affair of lord Egremont, and the previous engagement I thought myself under,



under. I desired him to bring his second the same day at noon, and our two friends should settle between us all the particulars of time, place, &c.

I stated the circumstances of the insolence and inhumanity of lord Egremont, and my resolution of calling his lordship to account; a resolution not formed yesterday, but what had struck me the second day of my imprisonment in the Tower, as becoming my dignity, and which, at that very time, I had mentioned to major Rainsford, the governor.

I had likewise then fixed the hour of his losing the seals, as the period I should call his lordship to that account; and I am sure that I would have left Paris, or any other place, immediately on receiving news so interesting to myself, so welcome to the nation.

Mr. Forbes undertook, on the same morning, Tuesday, the 16th of August, to return at noon, and to bring his second. You know that he came, but brought no second. Monsieur Goy, my second, attended. If Mr. Forbes had kept his promise, the trouble I am now obliged to give you, would have been unnecessary.

Lord Egremont, to my greatest regret, greater I believe than that of any other person, has prevented my proceeding farther, and as a Frenchman would say, *il m'a joué un vilain tour*.

I am now therefore most entirely at capt. Forbes's service, and shall wait his commands.

I do

I do not know where he is, for he has not appeared at Paris since Tuesday the 16th of August. As your house has been his asylum, I am necessitated to beg you, Sir, to acquaint capt. Forbes, that I will be at Menin, the first town in Austrian Flanders, on the confines of France, the 21st of this month, and that Mr. Goy will do me the honour of accompanying me; but he only. I shall direct my letters to be sent there, and the moment of my arrival I shall go to the post-house.

No person, but monsieur Goy, is acquainted with any part of this transaction; he is so obliging as to take the charge of this letter.

Give me leave to acknowledge the personal civilities you have been pleased to confer on me at Paris, and to assure you that

I am, SIR,

Your very humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

Paris, Hotel de Saxe, Sept. 7.

This is the genuine copy of the letter which was written this day, Sept. 7, to the hon. Alexander Murray, esq; by John Wilkes, esq; and delivered by myself into the hands of the servant of the abovesaid Alexander Murray, esq;

Paris, Sept. 7, 1763.

Monsieur

Monfieur Goy wrote the following letter to Mr. Murray, to which he returned no answer, and on the Saturday would not be at home.

SIR,

**I** DID myself feveral times the honour to wait upon you, but have not been fo happy as to find you at home. I intend to fet off on Sunday morning for Flanders, and fhould be very proud to take my leave of you, therefore hope you will give orders for my being admitted to-morrow, any time the moft agreeable to you.

I am, with refpect, Sir, &c.

P. GOY.

Rue St. Anne, butte St. Roch,  
vis-à-vis le Commiffaire.

From the St. James's Chronicle, Sept. 29, 1763.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

**I** BEG leave by your paper to undeceive the public as to the letter printed in the *London Chronicle* of Sept. 18, and faid to have been written by capt. Forbes to his father. It contains fo many falshoods, that I am fure it muft be a forgery, and a grofs impofition on the world, as well as an injury to that gentleman. The letter fays, captain Forbes began *that he bad heard Mr. Wilkes was a man of honour, and bad hitberto treated him accordingly; and as he*  
could

*could now hardly believe it, he wanted absolutely to put him to the proof; whereas capt. Forbes only declared, he had heard Mr. Wilkes was acknowledged to be a man of courage, and therefore he insisted on his fighting him for writing against his country.*

I can assure you, that Mr. Wilkes never said that he was a man of courage, and that he had given proof enough of that in fighting lord Talbot, and that he would fight no man else till he fought lord Egremont. These three assertions are untrue. It is equally false that capt. Forbes asked Mr. Wilkes, if he came to Paris to fight lord Egremont, that he was not to be made a fool of, that he had now been so often at Mr. Wilkes's lodgings, he was resolved he should fight, otherwise the first time he should meet with him, he would treat him as a villain and scoundrel deserved. All this is pure fiction, not one offensive word ever escaped capt Forbes; he seemed to be armed with only two or three short sentences: *You have abused Scotland—my country—I insist on fighting.*

Mr. Wilkes never declared he was too useful a subject to risk his life. Mr. Forbes's answer is equally invention. Mr. Wilkes never said, that as such things could not be done without witnesses, to come back at twelve o'clock, and to have a friend. Mr. Wilkes never talked of witnesses, but desired Mr. Forbes to bring a second at twelve, who should adjust every thing with Mr. Wilkes's friend. The letter says, that Mr. Forbes returned at the hour appointed, and told his friend not to enter the Hotel, that Mr. Wilkes might not have to say there came two upon him; whereas Mr. Forbes

Forbes had promised to bring his second, and Mr. Wilkes's was there. Mr. Wilkes returned a little after twelve to the *Hotel de Saxe*. He met at his own door two gentlemen, who were just come from England, and were delivering their cards to the Suisse. Mr. Wilkes asked them to walk in, where they found Mons. Goy and Mr. Forbes. They had not been at the *Hotel de Saxe* a quarter of an hour, when Mr. Forbes abruptly got up, saying he had some urgent business with Mr. Wilkes. The gentlemen then of course directly retired. Monsieur Goy, Mr. Wilkes's second, only remained in the room. Mr. Wilkes never declared *that he would not fight any one till he should lord Egremont*; nor did capt. Forbes say, *if he had not the protection of his own house, he would use him like a scoundrel and rascal as he deserved*.

All the rest which follows of what the secretary said, (by which I suppose is meant monsieur Goy, no other person being present) and Mr. Forbes's declaration *that the first time he met Mr. Wilkes in the streets, or elsewhere, he would give him a hundred strokes of a stick, as he deserved no more to be used like a gentleman, but as an eternal rascal and scoundrel, &c.* is absolute fiction. Mr. Wilkes desired to know where Mr. Forbes lived, who would not tell him, but desired he might be sent to the coffee-house, opposite to the play-house. The last line of the letter finishes according to the rule in *Horace*, *Servetur ad imum, &c.* This happened the 17th and 18th of August, whereas Mr. Wilkes never saw captain Forbes after the 16th, nor did he appear at Paris after that day.

I hope,



I hope, Sir, that in justice to captain Forbes you will detect the imposture, and the printers of the *London Chronicle* ought to ask pardon of that gentleman for inserting, as his, a letter so shamefully false in a variety of particulars.

Having now, Sir, detected some of the more important falsehoods contained in the pretended letter of captain Forbes to his father, I shall proceed to give you the circumstances of this interesting affair, with the most scrupulous exactness and veracity.

On Monday morning, August 15, as Mr. Wilkes was walking with lord Palmerston to Notre Dame, a gentleman in the street came up to him, and inquired if his name was Wilkes. The gentleman was answered in the affirmative; upon which he said, Mr. Wilkes wrote the *North Briton*, and must fight him. Mr. Wilkes desired to know what evidence the gentleman had for so round an assertion, that he had in a moment cut very short a dispute, which had been a good while agitating in England, and would not be soon over; that a squabble in the streets was unbecoming a gentleman, and an indecent affront to the laws of the country; that he lived at the Hotel de Saxe, and wished him a good day. Mr. Forbes in the afternoon called at the Hotel de Saxe, and left on a card, C. John Forbes. The next morning he returned about six. He said his name was Forbes, a captain in the French regiment of Ogilby, which had been broke, or, as it is there called, *reformed*. Mr. Wilkes regretted that he had not left on his card where he lived, to have prevented

prevented him that second trouble of coming to the Hotel de Saxe, and desired to know his commands. He said that Mr. Wilkes must fight him, because he had wrote against Scotland. Mr. Wilkes asked what he had wrote, and wished to see the papers objected to, or to know what they were. Mr. Forbes replied, you have wrote against my country: your name is Wilkes: do you not write? Mr. Wilkes said, that he did now and then write receipts for tenants, and sometimes on post nights; but would give no account to Mr. Forbes, nor to any man. Mr. Forbes then asked him, if he would fight him that day? Mr. Wilkes told him, that he would fight him upon his honour; but he believed he could not indulge him that day, for he had a previous account to settle with lord Egremont, and went into the circumstances of that affair. Mr. Wilkes added, that it was very unfit captain Forbes and he should talk over alone so critical a business: therefore desired him to return the same day at noon, and to bring one gentleman for a second along with him; and Mr. Wilkes's friend and second would likewise attend. Mr. Wilkes declared he would leave every particular of time, place, &c. to their two friends, and would abide by their determination. Captain Forbes promised that he would bring his second; but came at twelve alone, and found monsieur Goy in Mr. Wilkes's apartments. Mr. Wilkes soon after returned, and at his door saw two English gentlemen, as mentioned before. As soon as Mr. Goy, captain Forbes, and Mr. Wilkes, were by themselves, captain Forbes insisted on Mr. Wilkes's fighting him that day, and directly. Mr. Wilkes

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desired

desired him to explain the reasons of such a duel to monsieur Goy; that he knew nothing of any personal quarrel with Captain Forbes, and reminded him of his promise in the morning to return with a second. Mr. Forbes said, that Mr. Wilkes knew enough; and that he would not explain himself farther. Mr. Wilkes replied, that he would not then enter farther into that affair, his friend being present, and no gentleman on the part of Mr. Forbes. Mr. Forbes then said, that his friend was near, and that he would fetch him. He accordingly went away, in a quarter of an hour returned again alone, and said, he would bring no friend; but Mr. Wilkes should soon hear from him. Mr. Wilkes asked how he could know that the person he was conversing with was a gentleman, or was captain Forbes, having never seen him till the day before, and observed, that his coming in such a manner, and refusing to bring a second, had more the air of an assassin, than of a gentleman. Mr. Forbes said, that he was well known to the prince of Soubize, and then went away.

In the afternoon the marshals of France sent and put Mr. Wilkes under arrest. Soon after he received a visit from Mr. Macdonald, a Scottish gentleman in the French service; who told him, that he came in the name of the Scots at Paris, to assure Mr. Wilkes, that they entirely disapproved of captain Forbes's behaviour, and that it was only to be looked upon as the rashness of a young man of three and twenty. Mr. Mackey, who is likewise in the French service, and has the cross of St. Lewis, waited afterwards

wards on Mr. Wilkes, and repeated the same assurances. Mr. Forbes never appeared at Paris after that afternoon, Tuesday, the 16th of August. Diligent search was made, and it was discovered that he had been, for some time, concealed at Mr. Murray's. At last captain Forbes not appearing, Mr. Murray was taken into custody, and was brought before marshal Noailles, who is president of the tribunal of the marshals of France, on Friday afternoon, the 19th, at the same time with Mr. Wilkes; and on their giving their paroles, both their guards were dismissed. When marshal Noailles asked Mr. Wilkes, what was his quarrel with captain Forbes, Mr. Wilkes only said, *Monseigneur, je n'ai ni l'honneur ni l'envie de connoître monsieur Forbes.* (My lord, I have neither the honour nor the wish to know Mr. Forbes.) Mr. Wilkes then, in the presence of several French gentlemen, after marshal Noailles was retired, begged Mr. Macdonald, who is an intimate friend of Mr. Forbes, to assure him, that as soon as the affair with lord Egremont was settled, if he was alive, he would indulge captain Forbes, should he choose to fight him; and that it would be captain Forbes's own fault if he did not; for Mr. Wilkes would meet him for that purpose any where in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America, except the dominions of France.

I am, &c.

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From



From the St. James's Chronicle, Oct. 27, 1763.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

**Y**OU may be assured, that the letter, first printed in the evening paper, called *The London Chronicle*, Tuesday, October 25, and said to have been written by captain Forbes to Mr. Wilkes, is a mere fiction, and that he has never received any letter from captain Forbes. Lord Sandwich can best explain the motives which induced him, as secretary of state, to cause captain Forbes to leave England. Mr. Wilkes was entirely ignorant of that whole transaction, and afterwards, on his return to London from Menin, declared very publicly, that through the whole important business, in which he was concerned, he would owe his protection to nothing, but the laws of his country, and his own sword. The account in *the London Chronicle* contradicts itself; for it is there said, that capt. Forbes, *the day after* he wrote to Mr. Wilkes, received a letter from Mr. Murray, assuring him, on his honour, that he had never wrote to, nor received any letter from, Mr. Wilkes.—Whereas, in the very letter printed as Mr. Forbes's, he calls Mr. Wilkes's letter to Mr. Murray a pretended letter. The letter to Mr. Murray is placed beyond dispute, because it rests on the testimony of a third person, a gentleman of honour, Monsieur Goy, who delivered it himself at Mr. Murray's house. It is remarkable too, that the subsequent letter of Monsieur Goy, which has a relation to Mr. Wilkes's



Wilkes's letter, is not disputed. The expedition used on this occasion is wonderful. The letter said to be Mr. Forbes's, mentions *The Public Advertiser* of September 28, which was Wednesday. The post did not set out for Paris till the Friday night, as usual; yet Mr. Forbes, wherever he was, receives a letter from Mr. Murray relative to it on the Monday following, the 3d of October. *Why did not captain Forbes get some friend to deliver the letter to Mr. Wilkes, or to leave it at his house? No account is given when it was sent, nor by what conveyance.* The other particulars mentioned in the letter have already been disproved in your paper. A. B. in *The London Chronicle*, only tells us, that it fell accidentally into his hands, yet he is sure that it is genuine. On the contrary, by every external as well as internal evidence, I will maintain that it is spurious.

I am, &c.

From the St. James's Chronicle, Nov. 10, 1763.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

I DESIRE for the last time perhaps to intrude on you with respect to the stale story of Mr. Wilkes and captain Forbes, again served up in *The London Chronicle* of Tuesday, November 8, in a letter signed Peter Mackay.

It is first an absurdity, that marshal Noailles's secretary should tell Mr. Murray, "that there was

*was nothing to say to him;*" for Mr. Murray was taken into custody, and brought to the *Hotel de Noailles* for having concealed Mr. Forbes. It is further absurdly said,—"*when Mr. Murray was going away and already out of the apartment, upon second thoughts he returned to wait on the marshal de Noailles in particular* ;—whereas Mr. Murray, according to this very account, was brought by an exempt before marshal Noailles, who discharged him on his engaging for captain Forbes—but not being the principal, Mr. Murray did not sign. It is no where asserted that he did—but that he engaged his *Parole d' Honneur* for Mr. Forbes, (whom he had secreted before in his house) in the same manner Mr. Wilkes did for himself. Mr. Murray could not otherwise have obtained his discharge.

It is sufficient to observe, that any man acquainted with the process of this kind of business in France, must immediately discover the absurdity of almost the whole account ; and the two exempts, as well as monsieur Goy, can contradict many of the particulars said to have passed at Mr. Murray's house. Mr. Mackay cannot but remember, that he came afterwards to Mr. Wilkes, and excused the conduct of his countryman. Monsieur Goy, and the exempt, who attended Mr. Wilkes, were there at the same time.

I am, &c.

Great

Great George Street, Wednesday, Nov. 16.

S I R,

**Y**OU complained yesterday before \* five hundred gentlemen that you had been *stabbed in the dark* by the North Briton, but I have reason to believe that you were not so much *in the dark*, as you affected and chose to be. Was the complaint made before so many gentlemen on purpose that they might interpose? To cut off every pretence of your ignorance as to the author, I whisper in your ear, that every passage of the North Briton, in which you have been named, or even alluded to, was written by

Your humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to Samuel Martin, esq;

Abingdon Street, Nov. 16, 1763.

S I R,

**A**S I said in the House of Commons yesterday, that the writer of the North Briton, who had stabbed me in the dark, was a cowardly, as well as a malignant and infamous, scoun-

\* In a very full House of Commons. Mr. Wilkes, in his speech that day took no notice of what Mr. Martin had said, no name having been mentioned, nor application made. The house did not rise till four in the morning. At nine Mr. Wilkes sent this letter.

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drel;

drel; and your letter of this morning's date, acknowledges, that every passage of the North Briton, in which I have been named, or even alluded to, was written by yourself, I must take the liberty to repeat, that you are a malignant and infamous scoundrel, and that I desire to give you an opportunity of shewing me whether the epithet of cowardly was rightly applied or not.

I desire that you may meet me in Hyde Park immediately, with a brace of pistols each to determine our difference.

I shall go to the Ring in Hyde Park, with my pistols so concealed that nobody may see them; and I will wait in expectation of you one hour. As I shall call in my way at your house to deliver this letter, I propose to go from thence directly to the Ring in Hyde Park, from whence we may proceed, if it be necessary, to any more private place; and I mention that I shall wait an hour in order to give you full time to meet me.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

SAM. MARTIN.

Directed to John Wilkes, esq;

Mr.

*Mr. Wilkes arrived at Paris, Dec. 28, 1763. On the 30th he received the following note from Mr. Martin.*

Mr. Martin presents his compliments to Mr. Wilkes, and desires to know how he does; flattering himself, from Mr. Wilkes's performance of so long a journey at this season of the year, that his health is perfectly re-established.

Mr. Martin cannot help taking this opportunity to assure Mr. Wilkes, that he had desired Mr. Bradshaw to deliver up Mr. Wilkes's note, written to Mr. Martin on the 16th. Nov. as it occurred to the latter that any imaginable use might be made of it to Mr. Wilkes's prejudice, and before Mr. Martin had heard from Mr. Bradshaw that it was actually given up\*.

Mr.

\* This passage is not intelligible. The following quotation from the *History of the late Minority, third edition, 1766*, will perhaps throw some light upon it. It contains likewise a short account of the duel.

“ When the gentlemen met in Hyde Park,  
 “ they walked together for a little while to  
 “ avoid some company, which seemed coming  
 “ up to them. They brought each a pair of  
 “ pistols. When they were alone, the first fire  
 “ was from Mr. M's pistol. Mr. M's pistol  
 “ missed Mr. W. and the pistol in Mr. W's  
 “ hand flashed in the pan. The gentlemen then  
 “ each took one of Mr. W's pair of pistols: Mr.  
 “ W. missed, and the ball of Mr. M's pistol  
 D 5 “ lodged



Mr. Martin returns his thanks to Mr. W. for his attention to Mr. M's safety, by giving the

“ lodged in Mr. W's belly. Mr. W. bled immediately very much. Mr. M. then came up, and desired to give him all the assistance in his power. Mr. Wilkes replied, that Mr. M. had behaved like a man of honour, that he was killed, and insisted on Mr. M's making his immediate escape, and no creature should know from Mr. W. how the affair happened. Upon this they parted, but Mr. M. came up again in two or three minutes to Mr. W. offering him a second time his assistance, but Mr. W. again insisted on his going off. Mr. M. expressed his concern for Mr. W. said the thing was too well known by several people, who came up almost directly, and then went away. Mr. W. was carried home, but would not tell any circumstance of the case till he found it so much known. He only said to the surgeon, &c. that it was an affair of honour.

“ *The day following* Mr. W. imagining himself in the greatest danger, returned Mr. M. his letter, that no evidence might appear against him; and insisted upon it with his relations, that in case of his death no trouble should be given Mr. M. for he had behaved as a man of honour.

“ Mr. M. not at the same time returning Mr. W's letter, occasioned somebody to remark, that in all probability it was kept in order to be made use of as a proof of Mr. W. being concerned in the North Briton. I own, said  
“ the

the early notice he did to Mr. Bradshaw, of his apprehending himself to be in danger.

It is impossible for Mr. M. to think of taking part in any affair of Mr. W's that he may find depending in the House of Commons at his arrival in England. He proposes to set out from hence on his return home on Monday next, but believes he shall not set foot in London till those affairs are determined, to avoid even a colour for suspicion that he is capable of appearing against Mr. W. after what hath so recently happened.

Hotel de Luynes, Dec. 30, 1763.

“ the remarker, that I cannot account for this  
 “ behaviour of Mr. M. no more than I can for  
 “ his *tamely bearing above eight months* the abuse  
 “ upon him. Has he been *all this time, Sun-*  
 “ *days not accepted, practising at a target?* That  
 “ report is confirmed by all his neighbours in  
 “ the country. Yet, after all, he did not ven-  
 “ ture to send to Mr. W. but before five hun-  
 “ dred gentlemen, ready to interpose, and  
 “ seemed to intend to begin a quarrel, I sup-  
 “ pose that it might end there. Mr. W. chose  
 “ coolly to take it up the next morning, by a  
 “ private letter to Mr. M. who insisted on pis-  
 “ tols, without naming the sword, though the  
 “ choice of weapons was, by the laws of ho-  
 “ nour, in Mr. W.” page 236, &c.

Mr. Wilkes's letter was returned to him by Mr. Graves in the name of Mr. Martin *near a month after, on Dec. 10, 1763.*

Hotel

Hotel de Saxe, Dec. 30, Friday.

Mr. Wilkes's compliments to Mr. Martin, and is much obliged by the favour of his note. Mr. W. is going to pay his respects to lord Hertford†, and if Mr. Martin is disengaged, will afterwards wait upon him for a quarter of an hour, at the Hotel de Luynes.

Hotel de Luynes, Dec. 30, 1763.

Mr. Martin's compliments; and will wait at home to receive the visit with which Mr. Wilkes intends to favour him.

† Lord Hertford was at that time the English ambassador at Paris.

*Votes*

*Votes of the House of Commons, Veneris, 16 Die  
Decembris, 1763.*

*Ordered,*

That doctor Hebberden, the physician, and Mr. Cæsar Hawkins, one of his majesty's serjeant-surgeons, be desired to attend John Wilkes, esq; from time to time, at proper intervals, to observe the progress of his cure; and that they, together with doctor Brocklesby and Mr. Graves, do attend this house, to report their opinion thereupon on the 19th day of *January* next, in case the said John Wilkes, esq; be not then able to attend in his place.

Cecil Street, Dec. 17.

DEAR SIR,

**A**N order of the House of Commons is come to Mr. Hawkins and me to attend Mr. Wilkes from time to time, in order to observe the progress of the cure, and to make a report to the house, together with you and Mr. Graves. You will oblige us by acquainting Mr. Wilkes with this; and if you will let us know at what time you intend to see Mr. Wilkes on Monday, we will be ready to meet you there. Mr. Hawkins desires that the appointment may be for some hour after twelve.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

W. HEBBERDEN.

Directed to Dr. Brocklesby.

Norfolk Street, Sunday morning, Dec. 18, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

**L**ATE last night I received the inclosed letter from my most ingenious and worthy friend, Dr. Hebbarden, and also the inclosed copy of an order of the House of Commons, to report upon your case on the 19th of January; I am therefore to entreat you, to fix the hour for our attendance at your house on Monday, and I will take care to appoint Dr. Hebbarden and Mr. Hawkins.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient,

humble Servant,

RICHARD BROCKLESBY.

Directed to John Wilkes, esq;

Great George Street, Monday, Dec. 19, 1763.

DEAR SIR,

**I**HAVE the favour of your letter, and of the papers enclosed. I think you are rather deficient in politeness, that you do not congratulate your friend on the *new* and *singular* honour done him by the *House of Commons*, in appointing a PHYSICIAN and SURGEON to attend me. I ought to take this the more kindly at their hands, because to pay me this compliment, they have, I believe, exceeded their legal powers.



ers. The *lords*, rather unwittingly, set them such an example, by ordering the *physician* and *surgeon* of a member of the other house to their bar, to be examined concerning his state of health. I had before received other unmerited obligations from their LORDSHIPS, and the old friendship of lord Sandwich, though I own I was rather put to the blush by THEIR PUBLISHING to the world what they pretended was found, perhaps put, among the things stolen from me. If a man makes a private *essay on woman*, should all the world see it? Is a treatise against the spleen, or the *tedium vitæ*, so dangerous as now to become a state-crime for the cognizance of our present cruel rulers, or rather inquisitors? Has the nasty, gummy, blubbling, over-grown boy of a lord, barbarous and blustering as the NORTH\*, has he likewise received his orders to denounce to the *Commons* a laughable poem as a horrid crime to make all good christians shudder? Are the most wretched and impious lines to be forged, that a work, which idolizes the whole sex, may be brought into judgment before the *crafty* † Scot, who never loved any woman?

This last act of the *Majority* seems almost to perfect the scene, and really quite overwhelms me with gratitude. Yet though I am a young member, I cannot but observe and lament, that the antient, established forms of Parliament have in the present case been laid aside, as if

\* Lord North, eldest son of the earl of Guildford.

† Lord Mansfield:

order had taken leave of the *House* with good old ONSLOW. The course of business has always been, that affairs of importance should previously go to a *Committee*, to have a full and fair discussion, and afterwards the House receives and duly weighs the report of the *Committee*. The affair you have mentioned is of so much real consequence, that it should, in my poor opinion, have been referred to the *two* usual *Committees*. *First*, it should have gone to the *Committee of Ways and Means*, to contrive how the *state Physician and Surgeon* can get into my house. *Secondly*, to the *Committee of Supply*, to vote the fees due to the gentlemen for their attendance; but I have public *æconomy* so much at heart, tho' I make no parade of it, that I will save the nation this expence, for I will not suffer either of them to enter my doors.

The *Majority* of the *Commons*, like true country people, seem to have a troublesome overflowing of kindness for me, which you know is very apt to surfeit. Yet, like the others sometimes, in the same moment they fail in a point of necessary good breeding, even to one of their own members. The *House* desires Dr. *Hebberden* and Mr. *Hawkins* to come to me, but forget to desire me to receive them; and I most certainly will not.

Surely, my dear Sir, this matter has been too lightly determined upon by the *honourable House*. It is pretty well known that I have already a *Physician and Surgeon*, whose characters the foul breath of slander never reached, and whom

whom I confide in and love. Why should I admit any others? Am I to consent to an unjust slur upon gentlemen, with whom I have all the reason in the world to be satisfied? Shall I concur in suffering party madness to fix a vile suspicion, where I know that it ought not to rest? I will never countenance so shameful a proceeding. Honour, justice, gratitude, private friendship, equally forbid it.

The *Majority* of my brother members seem quite wild in their love. They would force a *Physician* and *Surgeon* upon me, when I have one of each already, and they forget that my dear friend and chaplain, Churchill, has left me for some time. Would it not therefore have looked better, if these obliging friends had shewn some regard to my spiritual concerns, and had ordered their own chaplain, the very *learned* brother of the very \* *conscientious* merchant, and of the very *acute* speaker, to attend me; or they might perhaps have prevailed on good Mr. Kidgell. He is so ready to every laudable (and lucrative) work, he would not I believe have hesitated. You might in time have had *Observations on my conversion and apostleship*, though I hope not in a way to make you doubt of the whole; at least you would have been sure of a SERIES OF LETTERS in the LEDGER, the profits to be divided between the said Kidgell and his partner MacFaden, according to Kidgell's former plan. I think the *Lords* too ought to have considered

\* Vide an *affidavit* printed in vol. 3d of a "Select Collection of the most interesting Letters," page 28.

this

this important point of *chaplainship*, and lord *Sandwich*, or lord *Le Despencer*, or some other *pious* lord, should have moved to send me a *Divine Legation of the Bishop of Gloucester*. I have been said to have doubts. I really have none. If I had, that *orthodox* bishop would surely be able to remove them; only I should fear that for every *one* of mine he carried away, he would leave *ten* of his own behind with me. I might likewise be treated with one of his quaint persuasives to *continence*, the only doctrine to which his practice has been fully adequate. It could never come more *à propos*, nor with greater probability of success, for that cold, frozen virtue of *chastity*, the virtue of age not of youth, seems likely to be as much my portion the rest of this year, as it has been that pedant's every year of his life. \* His virtue is *fixed as in a frost*, beyond all the powers of genial spring, or a charming, luscious wife: mine I trust will *thaw, melt, and resolve itself to sprightly dew*, long before the first breath of zephyr.

After all, my dear Doctor, I might I believe admit the *state Physician* and *Surgeon* without any danger of a *Russian hæmorrhoidal colic*, but I will not do any thing *on compulsion*, *Hal*. I do not suspect either of them in the least to resemble a *Talbot*, a *Martin*, a *Forbes*, or a *Dun*. On the contrary, they are both amiable men, and therefore I wish you would bring them here to

\* Ask of the *Learn'd* the way? The *Learn'd* are blind:

That way a *Warburton* could never find.

*Essay on Woman, Ep. 4. l. 19.*  
dinner



dinner as soon as I get a little better, for at present if they came, I should fear they would place themselves *by authority*, one on the right, and the other on the left hand, of their poor patient, and, like *Sancho's Doctor* with his wand, forbid my tasting any thing I ogled, or rather *squinted* at.

I am alone. If you are disengaged, I wish you to come here at four, and I will give you half my boiled chicken. We never can want food for laughter, while, in the phrase of the *fly* \* *Fox*, *George Grenville* has the CONDUCT OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

I am ever,

My dear Sir,

Your affectionate, humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to Doctor Brocklesby.

Two Cards to Dr. HEBBERDEN, and Mr. HAWKINS.

MR. Wilkes presents his compliments to Dr. Hebbarden, and is *duly* sensible of the kind care and concern of the House of Commons, not only for his health, but for his *speedy recovery*. He is attended by Dr. Brocklesby, of whose integrity and ability he has had the experience of many years, and on whose skill he has

\* Fox, lord Holland.

the



the most perfect reliance. Mr. Wilkes cannot but be of opinion, that there is a peculiar propriety in the choice he at first made of Dr. Brocklesby for the cure of what is called a *gun shot* wound, from the circumstance of the Doctor's having been several years Physician to the army, but at the same time entertains a real esteem for Dr. Hebbarden's great merit, and though he cannot say, he wishes to see the Doctor at present, he hopes that in a few weeks he shall be well enough to beg that honour, to eat a bit of mutton in

Great-George Street.

Monday, Dec. 19.

**M**R. Wilkes presents his compliments to Mr. Hawkins. He some time ago, from motives of *humanity*, readily consented, at the request of Mr. Martin, to receive the visits of Dr. Hebbarden and Mr. Hawkins. He is now acquainted, that the honour Mr. Hawkins intends him of a visit to-day is not at the desire of Mr. Martin, and therefore he begs that it may be deferred, till he is more capable of enjoying company. He has every reason to continue perfectly satisfied with the conduct of Mr. Graves, a military surgeon of eminence, who extracted the ball. He hopes in a few weeks to be so well recovered, as to be able to receive Mr. Hawkins in Great George Street, and shall be impatient for an opportunity of shewing the just regard he will ever pay to so distinguished a character.

Monday, Dec. 19.

The

The following extracts explain the affair of  
Alexander Dun.

From the St. James's Chronicle, Dec. 10, 1763.

ON Tuesday night last, soon after the verdict was given for Mr. Wilkes, a man knocked at his poor, desiring to speak with him on particular business; it appearing, by his dialect, he was a Scotchman, and being an entire stranger, he was refused admittance; on which he went away to a coffee-house near Parliament Street, where he was overheard by a person then present, to declare, that himself, and ten more men, were determined to cut Mr. Wilkes off, let the event be what it would; the gentleman gave information of the above declaration next morning, by letter, to Mr. Wilkes, desiring him to be on his guard; the affair then rested till Thursday morning, when the same person, as is supposed, brought a letter to Mr. Wilkes's house, signed Alexander Dun, the purport of which was to beg an interview with him on an affair of the most interesting nature, when he was desired to call again at one o'clock, which he did accordingly, and seven o'clock was then the hour appointed; in the interim, Mr. Wilkes had got several of his friends, gentlemen of distinction, about him. At the above hour the man came, and was ushered into the parlour, where he waited a short time, and was informed that Mr. Wilkes was then alone, and he should be introduced to his presence; but, on going out at the parlour door, two gentlemen, who had placed themselves behind it, seized

seized him by each arm, and flung him on his back. On searching him a new penknife was found in his pocket, which he pretended he had purchased about nine months ago: on being farther questioned, he said six months, and at last owned he bought it at Chatham about a fortnight since. Previous to the time appointed by Mr. Wilkes for this interview, proper affidavits, containing an accurate detail of the whole transaction, were prepared, and a warrant procured from the hon. Mr. justice Wilmot for apprehending him, which was immediately executed; and we are informed that authenticated evidence of the whole proceedings was yesterday laid before a very august assembly, who have ordered the tipstaff to bring the said Mr. Dun to be examined before that honourable house this day.

Mr. Wilkes, on the first intimation of Dun's design, treated the affair with levity, and intended taking no notice of it; but the worthy \* son of a most worthy commoner, who some time since retired from public business, happening to be present, he, with some other of Mr. Wilkes's friends, insisted that an enquiry should be made into it, when matters turned out as above related.

\* George Onflow, esq; member for Surry.

From

From the St. James's Chronicle, Dec. 13, 1763.

Copy of a letter to John Wilkes, esq; in Great George Street, Westminster.

London, Dec. 7, 1763.

S I R,

I Should not do my duty, if I did not acquaint you that the young Scotch officer, that wanted entrance at your house, is a villain, and his intentions are of the blackest dye. I have been in his company for near four hours. That part of our conversation that relates to you, consisted chiefly of his intentions of massacring you the first opportunity, and that there were thirteen more gentlemen of Scotland of the same resolution, and confederates of his, who were resolved to do it, or die in the attempt. Last night, when your trial was over, the gentlemen at the coffee house quitted the room that I was in (on account of the shouts in the hall) and left the Scotch hero and I together, but I abruptly left the room, and went after the people to Great George street, and on hearing a noise at your door, I went up, and, to my great surprize, saw the Scotchman a trying for entrance; I knocked and had admittance, which enraged the hero so much, that he swore revenge against the servant, and was very troublesome; when I went out, I heard a gentleman taking him to task upon his vowing revenge on you or your servant, upon which I told the gentleman a small part of what I knew, and he put him in the hands of two watchmen, and ordered



ordered him to the Round-house, but at the corner of Great George Street, I am told he was rescued, and ran away. There was conversation passed between him and the company that is not safe to communicate by letter: his principles and zeal make it unsafe for such an abandoned wretch to be at large. Your own discretion, I hope, will guide you to prevent any thing that may be intended. I am, with great respect, Sir, your's,

M. DARLEY.

Cranborn-Alley, Leicester-Fields.

Copy of a Letter from Alexander Dun to John Wilkes, esq;

London, Dec. 8, 1763.

S I R,

**A**S I have something of consequence to communicate to you, I should be glad to know what time would be most convenient for me to call upon you this day. I called once before, and was refused admittance. Be so good as send me an answer by my servant, who will wait for it. Lieutenant Orchat of dragoons, who is now in Scotland, desires his compliments to you for the many civilities shewn him when he was quartered near your country seat; you may be assured that many of the Scotch have still a regard for you, and none of them more so than your most humble and obedient servant,

ALEX. DUN.

Direct to me at Mr. Whytes's, peruke-maker, Lieutenant of Marines.

Journals



Journals of the House of Commons,  
vol. 29, p. 721.

Paris, Hotel de Saxe, Jan. 11, 1764.

S I R,

I Cannot express the concern I am under from the impossibility I now find of attending my duty in parliament on the 19th of this month. I have suffered very much from the tour I made here in the holydays to see my daughter. My wound is again become extremely painful, the parts are very much inflamed, and a fever attends it. I enclose a certificate of one of the king's physicians, and of a surgeon of the army, gentlemen of eminence in their profession, who think it absolutely necessary for me to stay some time longer at Paris. I refer to the certificate itself for the particulars.

The impatience I feel to justify myself to the House from the groundless and cruel attacks made upon me, and the zeal I hope ever to retain for the vindication of the sacred rights of the Commons of Great Britain, and the privileges of parliament, both of which have been grossly violated in my person, had determined me to set out for England on Friday next, but I now find myself incapable of performing the journey.

I am therefore, Sir, under the necessity of intreating you to submit my case to the House, and I doubt not from their justice that a more distant day will be appointed, when it may be

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in my power to attend the discussion of points, so very important in themselves, and in which I am so very materially concerned.

I would not, Sir, implore this of the House, if I thought the delay could be attended with any possible inconvenience to the public ; and I beg to observe that I seized the first moment, which the resolutions of parliament gave me to enter my appearance to the informations, which have been filed against me in the King's Bench.

I am, with *due* respect and esteem,

SIR,

Your most obedient,

humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to the right honourable Sir John Cust.

*Journals*, p. 722.

*The Certificate inclosed.*

**N**OUS, soussignés, médecin consultant du Roi, ci devant médecin en chef de ses armées en Allemagne & en Espagne; & nous, chirurgien consultant des armées, & chirurgien-major du régiment des gardes Françaises, certifions que Mr. Jean Wilkes est dans un état qui ne lui permet point, tant par rapport à sa blessure, qui n'est pas entièrement cicatrisée, que par

par rapport à la fièvre qui lui est survenue, d'entreprendre la route de Paris à Londres; qu'il seroit à craindre, vû l'inflammation & le boufflement considérable arrivés depuis peu de jours, qu'il ne se formât une hernie, à laquelle il ne seroit point possible de remédier; que, pour prévenir cet accident dont il est menacé, & que le mouvement violent, tel que celui d'une chaise de poste, & l'agitation de la mer, ne manqueroient pas de déterminer, il est absolument indispensable qu'il reste encore quelque temps à Paris. En foi de quoi nous lui avons délivré le présent certificat.

A Paris, ce 11 Janvier, 1764.

NINNIN.  
DUFOUART.

London, Jan. 17th, 1764.

SIR,

**I** Received, by the post, this day, the favour of your letter, dated from the Hotel de Saxe at Paris the 11th instant, together with a certificate of a physician and surgeon, both which I shall, according to your desire, communicate to the House of Commons on Thursday next, to which day the House yesterday adjourned.

I am very sorry, Sir, for the account which you give of your health; and am,

SIR,

Your most obedient,

humble servant,

JOHN CUST.

Directed to John Wilkes, esquire.

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The

The following letter is not inserted in the  
*Journals.*

Paris, Feb. 5, 1764.

SIR,

**I** Took the liberty of transmitting to you on the 11th of last month the original of a certificate, which was entirely the hand writing of Mr. Ninnin, one of the king's physicians, and signed by that gentleman, as well as by Mr. Dufouart, a surgeon of the army. It was not imagined here that any thing more was necessary among gentlemen. If the House, or any single member, had desired a notarial act of the authenticity of the certificate, I should sooner have troubled you with the enclosed, which is attested by our ambassador at this court. It now becomes my honour to request that it may be laid before the House.

I do not mean, Sir, to mispend my time in making any remarks on the late proceedings. They are so obvious, that they will immediately occur to every man, who is not lost to the principles of virtue, and dead to the feelings of honour and humanity. I am not able at present to say much, but this I will add, that I am sure my countrymen of the present age, and the faithful historian's page, will do justice to the uprightness of my intentions, to my ardent love of the constitution of our happy island, and to the honest efforts I have made in the cause of liberty. I rejoice that I have been the instrument in the hand of Providence to obtain very  
important

important legal decisions in favour of my fellow subjects.

I am, with *becoming* regard,

SIR,

Your very humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

Directed to the right honourable Sir John Cust.

A Certificate, omitted in the *Journals*.

**P**ARDEVANT les conseillers du Roi, notaires au Châtelet de Paris; soussignés, furent présents M. Henri Ninnin, médecin consultant du roi, & ci-devant médecin en chef de ses armées en Allemagne & en Espagne, & sieur Paul Dufouart, chirurgien consultant des armées du Roi, & chirurgien-major du régiment des gardes Françaises, tous deux de nous notaires soussignés, bien connus, demeurant enclos de l'Abbaye Saint-Germain-des-Prés, paroisse Saint-Symphorien.

Lesquels, en confirmant le certificat sous signature privée, qu'ils déclarent avoir donné le 11 Janvier dernier, & qui a été envoyé à Londres, ont, par ces présentes, de nouveau certifié et attesté à tous qu'il appartiendra, que le dit jour, 11 Janvier dernier, & pendant le reste du même mois, Mr. Jean Wilkes étoit dans un état qui ne lui permettoit pas, tant par rapport à sa blessure, qui n'étoit pas entièrement cicatrisée,



que par rapport à la fièvre qui lui étoit survenue, d'entreprendre la route de Paris à Londres; qu'il auroit été à craindre, vû l'inflammation & boursoufflement considérable arrivés alors à sa plaie, qu'il ne se formât une hernie, à laquelle il n'auroit pas été possible de remédier; que, pour prévenir cet accident dont il étoit menacé, & que le mouvement violent, tel que celui d'une chaise de post, & l'agitation de la mer, n'auroient pas manqué de déterminer, il étoit absolument indispensable qu'il restât encore quelque temps à Paris; ce que les dits sieurs comparans ont affirmé & attesté, pour avoir visité & pansé le dit sieur Wilkes pendant sa maladie, & ont requis actes aux notaires soussignés, pour servir & valoir ce que de raison.

Fait & passé à Paris, en l'Etude, l'an mil sept cent soixante-quatre, le 3 Février, & ont signé

(Scellé les dits jour & an.)

NINNIN. DUFOUART.

ROBINEAU.

DE LA RUE.

This

\* This day, the 5th of February 1764, there appeared before me M. de la Rue, and made oath

\* It has been one of the disgraces of a late administration, that scarcely a single sentence of any public act was good *English*. The reason perhaps is, that no *English* were employed in the real business? Lord Hertford signs a paper of only *two* sentences in our language, drawn up by his Scottish secretary, *David Hume*, and yet we find *three* palpable blunders in it. *THERE appeared*. Where? It is not mentioned in the act of the English Ambassador *where* Monsieur de la Rue *appeared*. *Where* did Lord Hertford see Monsieur de la Rue? Was it at Paris, Versailles, Fontainebleau, or Compiègne? It is not stated in this paper. The French gentlemen are accurate. Their Act is declared to be done *at Paris* on the third of February. We have no hint where Lord Hertford was on the fifth. From any information this paper affords us, he might be returned to *London*, and might have signed it as a *Justice of the Peace*. Lord Hertford is not named as *Ambassador*, nor his capacity of attesting a public act stated.

*There appeared Monsieur de la Rue* is a strange and harsh construction, not very usual. The verb takes the place of its own nominative. It should rather be, *Monsieur de la Rue appeared before me*, &c. We should know first who the person is, before the quality of *appearing*, or indeed any other, is given to him. Such is the general concord of our grammar; but that administration were as little solicitous to preserve concord among verbs and nouns, as among provinces

oath that he was a notary publick, that he had signed the above paper, that M. Robineau was also a notary publick, and had signed the same. In witness whereof I have hereunto \* affixed my hand and seal.

HERTFORD. (L. S.)

*vinces and kingdoms.* They made a libel on the late French Minister, *Monsieur D'Eon*, I charitably hope more from ignorance than malice. When that gentleman's *public character* ceased, they declared he had *no character*. The *London Gazette* told the world, *His Majesty has been pleased to declare that Monsieur D'Eon has no longer ANY CHARACTER here, and has forbid him the Court.*

\* Lord Hertford says, that he has *affixed his band and seal*. How does a man *affix his band*? I may set *my band and zeal*, or I may *affix my seal*; but how can I *affix my band*?

A Letter

A Letter to the Earl of *Bute*, supposed to have been written by Mr. Wilkes. It was prefixed to the new edition of

# THE FALL OF \* MORTIMER.

## A TRAGEDY.

*Forbad* my tongue to speak of *Mortimer*;  
But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holla *Mortimer*!  
Nay, I will have a starling taught to speak  
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,  
To keep his anger still in motion.

SHAKESPEARE.

*Mortimer*

Is a great Lord of late, and a new thing;  
A Prince, an Earl, and Cousin to the King.

BEN JOHNSON.

\* The history of *Mortimer* is told at length in No. 5. of the *North Briton*, which was published July 3, 1762. It has for its motto,

Dabitur mora parvula, dum res  
Nota urbi et populo, contingat *principis* aures,  
Dedecus *ille* domus sciat ultimus. JUVENAL.

No. 45. had indeed wonderful luck; but the elder brother, No. 5. deserved still more to have been taken notice of, and perhaps actually laid the foundation of the younger brother's fortune.

TO THE

Right Honourable JOHN STUART,  
*Earl of BUTE,*

Chancellor of the University of ABERDEEN in SCOTLAND, first Commissioner of the TREASURY in ENGLAND, one of the sixteen Representatives of the Peers of SCOTLAND, one of his MAJESTY's most honourable PRIVY COUNCIL, and KNIGHT of the most noble ENGLISH Order of the GARTER.

MY LORD,

**M**ANY and various motives have concurred to give a peculiar propriety to the fond wish I had formed of making this humble offering at the shrine of Bute. I have felt an honest indignation at all the invidious, unjust and odious applications of the story of Roger Mortimer. I absolutely disclaim the most distant allusion, and I purposely dedicate *this Play* to your Lordship, because history does not furnish a more striking contrast, than there is between the two ministers, in the reigns of *Edward the Third*, and of *George the Third*. I shall trace this through a variety of the most interesting particulars, secure of the satisfaction your Lordship will find by accompanying me in so pleasing a pursuit.

*Edward the Third* was held in the most absolute slavery by his mother and her minister. The first nobles of *England* were excluded from the king's councils, and the minion disposed of all  
 places



places of profit and trust. The king's uncles did not retain the shadow of power and authority. They were treated with insult, and the whole royal family became not only depressed, but forced to depend upon the caprice of an insolent *favourite*. The young king had been victorious over the *Scots*, then a fierce, savage, and perfidious people, in *that* reign our cruel enemies, happily in *this* our dearest friends. On every favourable opportunity, either by the distractions in the public councils of this kingdom during a minority, or by the absence of the national troops, they had ravaged *England* with fire and sword. *Edward* might have compelled them to accept of any terms, so glorious and decisive was the success of his arms, but Roger Mortimer, from personal motives of power and ambition, hastily concluded an ignominious peace, by which he sacrificed the triumphs of a prosperous war, and the justest claims of conquest.

It is with the highest rapture, my Lord, I now look back to that disgraceful æra, because I feel the striking contrast it makes with the halcyon days of *George the Third*. This excellent prince is held in no kind of captivity. All his nobles have free access to him. The throne is not now besieged. Court-favour, not confined to one partial stream, flows in a variety of different channels, enriching *this* whole country. There is now the most perfect union among all the branches of the royal family. No court minion now finds it necessary, for the preservation of his own omnipotence, by the vilest insinuations to divide either the royal, or any noble

ble families. The king's uncle is now treated with that marked distinction which his singular merit is entitled to, both from the nation, and the throne, established by his valour in extinguishing a foul rebellion, which burst upon us from its *native North*, and almost overspread the land. Our sovereign is conscious that he owes more to our *great deliverer* than any prince in Europe owes to any subject; and he sets a noble example of gratitude to princes, *que le rois, ces illustres ingrats, sont assez malheureux pour ne connoître pas* \*. No *favourite* now has trampled upon the most respectable of the English nobility, and driven them from their sovereign's councils. No discord now rages in the kingdom, but every tongue blesses the minister who has so many ways endeared himself no less to the nobility than to the whole body of the people.

*Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim.*

To compleat the contrast, we have now an *advantageous*, a *glorious* peace, fully adequate to all the *successes*, to all the *glories* of the war.

The present internal policy of this kingdom, my Lord, is equally to be admired. Our gracious sovereign maturely examines all matters of national importance, and no unfair or partial representation of any business, or of any of his subjects, is suffered to be made to him, nor can any character be assassinated in the dark by an unconstitutional *Prime Minister*. He regularly, by your advice, attends every private

\* *Voltaire.*

council of real moment, and nothing is there submitted to the arbitrary decision of *one man*. This happy state of things we owe to your lordship's *unexampled care* of his Majesty's youth. The important promise you made us, that we should frequently see our sovereign, like his great predecessor, William the Third, presiding in person at the British treasury, has been fulfilled, to the advantage and glory of these times, and to the perfecting of that scheme of *æconomy* so earnestly recommended from the throne, and so *ably* carried into execution by *yourself* and YOUR *chancellor of the exchequer*\*, as well as so *minutely* by the lord steward of the household †. Your whole council of state too is composed of men of the first abilities; the duke of Bedford; the earls of Halifax, Egremont, and Gower; the lords Henley, Mansfield, and Ligonier; Mr. George Grenville, and Mr. Fox. The business of this great empire is not however trusted to them: the most arduous and complicate parts are not only digested and prepared, but finally revised and settled, by Gil-

\* “ Sir Francis Dashwood, now Lord Le Despenfer, who from puzzling all his life at tavern bills, was called by lord Bute to administer the finances of a kingdom above an hundred millions in debt, and stiled by him, in the royal manner, *my Chancellor*.”

† “ Earl Talbot, who thought a civil list of 800,000*l.* a year insufficient to keep up the hospitality of a private nobleman's kitchen, in the king of England's palace.”

bert

bert Elliot, Alexander \* Wedderburn, esqrs. Sir Henry Erskine, baronet, and the *Home* †.

Another reason why I chuse your Lordship for the subject of this dedication, is, that you are said, by *former dedicators*, to cultivate with success the polite arts. How sparing and penurious is this praise? Such literary *æconomy* is

\* Mr. Churchill has drawn his picture to the life.

To mischief train'd; e'en from his mother's  
womb, [bloom,  
Grown old in fraud, tho' yet in manhood's  
Adopting arts, by which gay villains rise,  
And reach the heights, which honest men despise;

Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,  
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud;  
A pert, prim, prater of the *northern* race,  
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face, &c.

† “ The Rev. John Home, Esq; first a preacher among the Scottish Presbyterians, then a Play-wright. This Preacher, like the famous Thresher, the blind Cbler, and others, was at the beginning looked upon as a prodigy of genius and learning, merely from being thought to have, at an early age, produced one tolerable piece. He went on, and it was soon seen how mean and contemptible his talents were. He sunk into obscurity, and his fame, like the torrent he speaks of in *Douglas*,

Infused SILENCE with a STILLY ‡ SOUND.”

‡ Var. Lect. SILLY.

really



really odious. They ought to have gone further, and to have shewn how liberally you are pleased to reward all men of genius. Malloch\* and the Home have been nobly provided for. Let Churchill, or Armstrong, write like them,

\*“ *David Malloch*, author of many forgotten poems and plays, was formerly an usher to a school in Scotland. On his arrival from the North, he became a great declaimer at the London coffee-houses against the Christian religion. Old surly *Dennis* was highly offended at his conduct, and always called him *Moloch*. He then changed his name to *Mallet*, and soon after published *An Epistle to Mr. Pope on Verbal Criticism*. Theobald was attacked in it, and soon revenged himself in the new edition of Shakespeare: “An anonymous writer has, like a *Scotch pedlar*, in wit, unbraced his pack on the subject. I may fairly say of this author, as *Falstaffe* does of *Poins*—Hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as *Tewksbury mustard*; there is no more conceit in him than a *mallet*.” *Preface*, p. 52. *Edition of 1733*.

“ This *Malloch* had the happiness of a wife who had *faith* enough. She believed that her husband was the greatest poet and wit of the age. Sometimes she would seize and kiss his hand with rapture, and if the looks of a friend expressed any surprise, would apologize, *that it was the dear hand that wrote those divine poems*. She once lamented to a lady, how much the reputation of her husband suffered by his name being so frequently confounded with that of Dr. Smollet. The lady



them, your lordship's classical taste will relish their works, and patronize the authors. You, my lord, are said to be not only a *Patron*, but a *Judge*, and Malloch adds, that he wishes, for the honour of our country, that this praise were not, *almost exclusively*, your own. I wish too, for the honour of *my* country, and to preserve your lordship from the contagion of a malignant *envy*, that you would not again give *permission* to a *Scottish* scribbler to sacrifice almost the whole body of *our* nobility to his itch of panegyric on you, of pay from you; and I submit, whether a future inconvenience may not result from so remarkable an instance how certain and speedy the way to obtain the *last* is, by means of the *first*.

Almost all the sciences, my lord, have at length made so great a progress in England, that

lady answered, *Madam, there is a short remedy, let your husband keep to his own name."*

"The same man published Lord Bolingbroke's Posthumous Works, for which a Presentment was made against him by *the Grand Jury of Middlesex*. Pensioner Johnson said, that Lord Bolingbroke had charged a blunderbuss with all manner of combustibles against the human race, and that he dared not let it off himself, but had hired a rascal to pull the trigger."

In the octavo Abridgment of Johnson's Dictionary, is an article of "alias for otherwise, as *Mallet* otherwise *Malloch*."

we

we are become the objects of jealousy to the rest of Europe, but under your auspices *Botany* and *Tragedy* have now reached the utmost height of perfection. Not only the *System of Power*, but the *Vegetable System* likewise has been compleated, by the joint labours of your lordship, and the great doctor Hill. Tragedy, under Malloch and the Home, has with us rivalled the Greek model, and united the different merits of the great moderns. 'The fire of Shakespeare, and the correctness of Racine, have met in your two countrymen. One other exotic too I must not forget: Arthur Murphy, gent. He has the additional merit of *acting* no less than of *writing*, so as to touch, in the most exquisite manner, all the fine feelings of the human frame. I have scarcely ever felt myself more forcibly affected, than by this excellent, but poor, neglected player, except a few years ago at the dutchess of Queensbury's, where your lordship so frequently *exhibited*. In one part, which was remarkably *humane* and *amiable*\*, you were so great, that the general exclamation was, *here you did not act*. In another *part* you were no less perfect. I mean in the famous scene of Hamlet, where you pour *fatal poison into the ear* of a good unsuspecting king. If the great names of *Murphy* and *Bute*, as *players*, *pensantur eadem trutinâ*, it is no flattery to say, that you, my lord, were not only superior, but even unrivalled by him, as well as by all, who have ever appeared on the great stage of the

\* Lord Bute was fond of acting *Lotbario*. It was the expression of Frederic prince of Wales, echoed by the public, *Here Bute does not act*.  
world.

world. As a *writer*, I take Mr. Murphy rather to excel you, except in points of *orthography*; but as an actor, he can form no pretension to an equality. *Nature* indeed in her utmost *simplicity* we admire in Mr. Murphy; but *art, art* characterizes your lordship.

This too gives your lordship a claim to the dedication of this *Play*. You are perfect in every thing respecting the powers of *acting*. Your whole mind has been formed to it. All your faculties have been directed to this important object. While Mr. Pitt, lord Temple, and others, your cotemporaries, unmindful of such great acquirements, were only preparing themselves for the national business of parliament, and beginning to take a distinguished part in that single sphere, you, after a seven years *SERVICE* in the *House of Peers*, were become perfect in your various parts, and condescended to tread many a private stage in the high buskins of pompous, sonorous tragedy. With what superior success I record with pleasure. Mr. Pitt and his noble brother are now both in a private station. You hold the first office of this kingdom, and enjoy, *almost exclusively*, the smiles of your sovereign. They have only the empty applause of their country. This too they share with others; a duke of Newcastle and Devonshire; a marquis of Rockingham; an earl of Hardwick; and the two spirited young nobles, who stand so high in fame and virtue, whom England glories that she can call her own, the dukes of \* Grafton and Portland. These illustrious  
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\* The Duke of Grafton afterwards sold himself

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characters will ever be respected by your lordship for their ardent love of our *Sovereign* and of *Liberty*, as well as honoured by *this* nation, as the declared, determined, and combined enemies of despotic, insolent, contemptible *favouritism*.

As *Tragedy* and *Botany* have thus reared their heads, give me leave to recommend to your lordship one important point respecting the *Sciences* and the *Belles Lettres*, which still remains unsettled : I mean *orthography*. The French Academy has fixed it for their nation ; and yet a bold modern, Voltaire, has dared to deviate from their rules. He endeavours to establish a new *orthography*, still nearer approaching to the pronunciation. With a polite nobleman, this must bear the palm, if not of correctness, yet of grace and elegance. Some specimens of this kind in our own tongue, which your lordship has seen, have much amused me, although the deviations from the vulgar mode might not perhaps be supported with the learned arguments of that amazing French genius. Indeed, my lord, the *letters*, to which I allude, are so curious, that I wish for a *fac simile* of them, as we have of one famous *genuine letter* of your

self to the *Thane*, repented of the good he had unwittingly done, asked pardon, and was forgiven. By way of atonement, and to accommodate himself to his new friends, he grew arbitrary, mischievous, and cruel, in a manner worthy the *base blood* of the remorseless, tyrant line of the *Stuarts*.

coun-



countryman Archibald Bower \*. They would, I am persuaded, excel all the curious manuscripts in your university of Aberdeen, or among the immense collection of learned books of your late valuable purchase in the Argyle library. May I not therefore hope, that as the *Definitive Treaty* is now signed, your lordship's labours will be directed to this important point, and that we may expect to see a compleat *Orthographical Dictionary*, to determine the knotty point of *Britain* for *Briton*, which has of late puzzled that great writer, the GREAT BRITON † himself, notwithstanding the excellence of his *Scottish* education? Ease and elegance will, I am persuaded, still attend your lordship, as inseparably as they have ever done, nor will you in this case be in danger of being forsaken by them, although *Benedict*, or, if you please in your own botanical phrase, *Carduus Benedictus*, says, *now he is turned ORTHOGRAPHER, his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes.*

\* Vide Dr. *John Douglass's* several pamphlets relative to *Bower's* correspondence with the *Jesuits*.

† These endearing words, *Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Britain*, were permitted to be seen in the above royal *Orthography*, of *Britain* for *Briton*. Some pretended to give an *Icon Basilike* of his sacred majesty King George the Third from that single word. The political writer, the *Briton*, in several passages followed the royal *Orthography*.

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I should have added, my lord, that the *Play*, of which I now make the humble offering, is a *Tragedy*, the most grave and moral of all poems. With a happy propriety, therefore, it comes inscribed to your lordship, the most *grave*, the most *moral*, of all men. A *witty comedy* I would never have offered to your lordship, nor indeed to any of your countrymen. Wit is an *ignis fatuus*, which bewilders and leads astray. It is the *primrose path*, which conducts to folly. Your lordship has never deviated into it. You have marched on with solemn dignity, keeping ever the true *tragic* step, and on the greatest occasions, SO known, SO honoured—at the *House of Lords*\*, exhibiting to the world what you learned on the stage, the most pompous diction with the boldest theatrical swell, infinitely superior to all the light airs of wit or humour. The easy *sock* of laughing comedy you never condescended to wear.

I have one thing more to urge to your lordship, as this *Play* is unhappily imperfect. Your lordship loves the stage: so does Mr. Murphy. Let me intreat your lordship to assist your friend in perfecting the weak scenes of this *Tragedy*,

\* Grac'd as thou art with all the *pow'r of words*,

So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords.

POPE.

These two lines on *Lord Mansfield* are rather bathos and burlesque than panegyrick; but Mr. Wilkes seriously and fatally experienced his Lordship's *power of words* in the *alteration of the records*.

and

and from the crude labours of Ben Johnson and others, to give us a compleat *Play*. *It is the warmest wish of my heart, that the Earl of BUTE may speedily compleat the story of ROGER MORTIMER*. I hope that your lordship will *graciously* condescend to undertake this arduous task, to which parts like yours are peculiarly adapted. A variety of anecdotes in real life will supersede the least necessity of poetical fiction. To you every thing will be easy. *The fifth Act of this Play* will find those great talents still in full vigour, even after you have run so wonderful a career. If more *important* concerns, either of business or *amusement*, engage you too much, I beg, my lord, that you will please *royally* to COMMAND Mr. Murphy, as Mr. Macpherson says you COMMANDED him, to publish the *prose poems* of Fingal and Temora. Such a work will immortalize your glory in the *literary*, as the *Peace of Paris* will in the *political*, world; and I venture to prophesy, that when the name of ROGER MORTIMER shall be mentioned, that of BUTE will follow to the latest times\*.

Give

\* This idea does not seem to be disagreeable to the noble Lord, if the following passage of a late Journal be true. “ We hear with pleasure  
“ of the progress of the polite arts even to *ultima Thule*. We are informed from the north  
“ of Scotland, that at Mount Stewart, in the  
“ isle of Bute, is lately finished a superb cenotaph, of the finest statuary marble.

“ The

Give me leave now, my lord, to offer my thanks as an Englishman for your public conduct. At your *accession* to power, you found us a distracted, disunited nation. The late abandoned *minister of the people* had wickedly extended every art of corruption through all ranks of men, the senate not excepted: I speak of the *late venal* parliament. You, my lord, have made us an united and happy nation. Corruption *started like a guilty thing*, upon your summons of Mr. Fox; nor have I since heard of a single instance of undue, unconstitutional influence exerted in the senate. I now speak of the *present virtuous* parliament. Your lordship too from every foreign court has received the most flattering testimonies of an unbounded confidence in your *veracity* and *good faith*, equal to their just sense of your *transcendent abilities*.

I beg pardon, my lord, for having so long detained the *patriot* minister of the *patriot* king, from the great scenes of *foreign* business, or the rooting out corruption at *home*, or the *innocent*

“ The design is best explained in the inscription.

Felici Genio

et

Æternæ Famæ

ROGERI MORTIMER

Comitis de March

Quod monstravit viam

Hoc quale cunque grati animi et honoris monumentum

Posuit

Johannes Stuart

COMES DE BUTE.”

employ-

employments of his leisure hours. I hope Dr. Hill and the Home will forgive me, and that the great triumvirate having at length compleated a *glorious* and *permanent* peace, may in *learned ease*, under the shade of their own *olive*, soon enjoy the full sweets of their own philosophy; for as Candide observe, *cela est bien dit, mais il faut cultiver notre jardin*. In your softer, *more envied* hours of retirement, I wish you, my lord, the most exquisite pleasures under the shade of the *Cyprian myrtle*. Your *patriot* moments will be passed under the shade of the *Scottish fir*.

I will no longer intrude on your lordship. The *Cocoa Tree* and your countrymen may be impatient to settle with you the *army* and the *finances* of *this* kingdom. I have only to add my congratulations on the peculiar *fame* you have acquired, so adequate to the wonderful acts of your administration. You are in full possession of that *fame* at the head of *Tories* and *Scotsmen*; but alas! my lord, the history of mankind shews how fantastic as well as transitory is *fame*. What an excellent moral of humility are we taught by this? It is mortifying to reflect that *the meanest have their day*, as well as the most eminent and illustrious. Although Mr. Pitt \* is still  
adored

\* Of all political adventurers Mr. Pitt has been the most successful, according to the venal ideas of modern statesmen. *Pulteney* sold the people only for a barren title. The mercenary Pitt disposed of his popularity like an exchange-broker. Besides the same title with  
the

adored at the head of *Whigs* and *Englishmen* ;  
 he

the other apostate, *Pitt* secured from the Crown a large *family pension*, and the lucrative *sinecure of the Privy Seal*, which he held for a few years. His retreat into the House of Lords was a political demise. He *passed away*, but is not yet quite forgotten. His treachery to the cause of the people still loads his memory with curses.

He raised himself to the greatest offices of the state by the rare talent of command in a popular assembly. He was indeed born an orator, and from nature possessed every outward requisite to bespeak respect and even awe. A manly figure, with the eagle-face of the famous *Condé*, fixed your attention, and almost commanded reverence, the moment he appeared, and the keen lightnings of his eye spoke the haughty, fiery soul, before his lips had pronounced a syllable. His *tongue dropped venom*. There was a kind of fascination in his look, when he eyed any one *askance*. Nothing could withstand the force of that contagion. The fluent *Murray* has faltered, and even *Fox* shrunk back appalled from an adversary *fraught with fire unquenchable*, if I may borrow the expression of our great *Milton*. He always cultivated the art of speaking with the most intense care and application. He has passed his life in the culling of words, the arrangement of phrases, and choice of metaphors, yet his theatrical manner did more than all, for his speeches could not be read. There was neither sound reasoning, nor accuracy of expression, in them. He had not the power of argument, nor the

F

correct-



he too will experience that

The

correctness of language, so striking in the great Roman orator, but he had the *verba ardentia*, the bold, glowing words. This merit was confined to his speeches; for his writings were always cold, lifeless, and incorrect, totally void of elegance and energy, sometimes even offending against the plainest rules of construction. In the pursuit of eloquence he was indefatigable. He dedicated all his powers and faculties, and he sacrificed every pleasure of social life, even in youth, to the single point of talking well.

Multa tulit fecitque puer; sudavit et alsit;

*Abstinuit venere et vino,*

to a greater degree than almost any man of this age.

He acknowledged, that when he was young, he *always* came late into company, and left it early. He affected at first a sovereign contempt of money, and when he was Pay-master, made a parade of two or three very public acts of disinterestedness. When he had effectually duped his credulous friends, as well as a timid ministry, and obtained enormous legacies, pensions, and sine-cure places, the mask dropped off. Private interest afterwards appeared to be the only idol to which he sacrificed. The old duke of Newcastle used to say, *that Mr. Pitt's talents would not have got him forty pounds a year in any country but this.*

At his entrance into Parliament, he attacked Sir Robert Walpole with indecent acrimony, and continued the persecution to the last moment of that Minister's life. He afterwards paid servile  
and

The greatest can but blaze and pass away\*.

I am, my Lord,

With a zeal and respect equal to your virtues,

Your Lordship's

Very humble Servant,

March 15, 1763.

and fulsome compliments to his memory, not from conviction, as appeared from many other particulars, but to get over a few *Walpolians*. He had no fixed principle, but that of his own advancement. He declared for and against continental connections, for and against German wars, for and against Hanoverian subsidies, &c. &c. still preserving an unblushing, *unembarrassed* countenance, and was the most perfect contradiction of a man to himself which the world ever saw. If his speeches in parliament had been faithfully published to the English, soon after they were delivered, as those of Demosthenes and Cicero were to the Greeks and Romans, he would have been very early detected, and utterly cast off by his countrymen.

He is said to be still living at *Hayes in Kent*.

\* And what is *fame*? The meanest have their day,

The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.

POPE.

Extra& of a Letter, supposed to have been written by Mr. Wilkes from Paris, June 5, 1764.

—THE two noble *Swedish whigs*, of whom you were so fond, did me the favour of dining here yesterday. I passed the day very happily, though not so joyously as that day twelvemonth, in the midst of my worthy constituents at Aylesbury, all of us in full chorus to the liberties of our country, and the virtues of our sovereign; yet after the late flagrant acts of despotic power in the ministers, not forgetting either their wickedness or their insolence. \* *Joly's campaign* was not necessary to inspire the highest good humour and gaiety on so white, so auspicious a day as the *fourth of June*. The toast consecrated the wine, and gave it the true flavour, although I could not help lamenting my hard and unmerited lot of being forced to give such a toast out of my own dear country, and in a land where the standard of *liberty* is not yet erected. With Miss Wilkes's help we made out tolerably well, GOD SAVE GREAT GEORGE, OUR KING; and as the duke of Nivernois says in one of his letters, *Nous avons toasté & chanté fort gaiement, & enfin nous avons été quatre bonnes heures à table*. As I am an universal *whig*, I could not avoid giving an additional stanza, the poetry of which I endeavoured to bring *down* as low as the rest of the song, and I believe I succeeded. The thought was good, that the name of BRUNSWICK may ever be as propitious to the liberties of mankind as that

\* A wine-merchant at Paris.

of NASSAU, and that our gracious sovereign, through a long and glorious reign, *equally feared abroad, and beloved at home*, may approve himself as steady a patron of the rights of Englishmen as his grandfather was. On the whole, it proved the most agreeable day I have passed since a few of us in April kept the anniversary of the victory at CULLODEN, which a good many others seem to have a *memorandum to forget*, or at least to neglect very shamefully.

Lord Hertford gave yesterday a grand dinner to all the *English* here, *except one*, and to the true *Irish* whigs; nor, like a good courtier, did he omit the new converts, the *Scots*. He did not however observe the distinction which is so much in fashion on your side the water, for the friends of the *Hanover* family were received at least as well as their known enemies. My lot is particular and droll enough. I am the single *Englishman* not invited by the Ambassador of my country, on the only day I can at *Paris* shew my attachment to our sovereign, as if I was disaffected to the present establishment, and yet I am frequently and grossly abused by a ridiculous fellow at *Bouillon*, because I am known to hate the other family, and his master, the *duke*, married the sister of the Pretender's wife, a princess of Poland, of the house of Sobieski. This scribler is one *Rouffseau*, who by a wretched *journal* does all he can twice a month to degrade a name made illustrious by one of the best French poets, and by the great philosopher, though *in these times* no longer the citizen, of Geneva. He lays at my door the North Britons against

the Stuarts, and their *dear friends* in the north of our island.

You may believe me, when I assure you, it was not the slightest mortification to me, that I did not receive an invitation to the Hotel de Brancas. When I was asked, how it could happen that so staunch a *Whig* as Mr. Wilkes was not invited on the 4th of June, I laughed like the old *Roman*, *I had rather you should ask why I was NOT than why I WAS invited*; perhaps it should have been asked, why some others were invited. The list of the company, of the *Macs* and *Sawneys*, NOT in the *French service*, would divert you. I wish some of our neighbours from the other side of the Tweed may not keep the \* *twenty first* with more real devotion than they did the *fourth*. With respect to external rites they were exemplary here, as all new converts are; and I believe you find them in England good *occasional conformists*, though I shall ever imagine that it depends on contingencies how long they will continue so. To say the truth, I passed the day much more to my satisfaction than I should have done in a set of mixed or suspicious company, a fulsome dull dinner, two hours of mighty grave conversation, to be purchased in all civility by six more of PHAROAH, which I detest, as well as every other kind of gaming. As to the Ambassador, I have never had the least connection with him, nor indeed do I now wish it; as little too at this time

\* The Pretender's birth-day.

with



with his \* *Scottish* Secretary, or at any time with his † *Scottish* chaplain.

An Ambassador generally owes his very nomination to ministerial influence, and is almost of course (*though this does not extend through his family*) under the direction of the ministers, or perhaps as to the present case, in all propriety we ought to say, of the *minister*, who, *behind and between the curtains*, still governs our island. I have never been presented at court, because an Englishman should be presented by the English Ambassador; and I will not ask any favour of Lord Hertford, in the present state of public affairs; although, as a private nobleman, I should be ambitious to merit, and most fortunate to obtain, his friendship, as well as lord Beauchamp's, from their real sterling sense, great intrinsic worth, and what sets off the whole, their *ingenuous, amiable manners* ||. I have the protection of the laws, which I never offend, and I am at Paris like any other foreigner, who has no favour to ask, nor need seek any particular protection or security. The elege, which the noblest of poets § gives me, that I neither

*Court the smile, nor dread the frown of kings,*

\* Mr. David Hume.

† Mr. James Trail, now bishop of Down and Connor.

† General Conway, the brother of lord Hertford, was then in the opposition.

|| This last circumstance seems to give an air of irony to the whole.

§ Churchill.

is as exact truth here as you know it to have been while I was at home. The small circle in which I now walk, will however bear testimony to the just tribute of gratitude I pay to the humane virtues of a prince, under whose mild and gentle government I meet with that protection, which an innocent man had a right to expect, but could not find in his own country, under his own sovereign. Yet let me do justice, and carry my complaints to the source from whence they spring, to the base contrivances of ministers, exceedingly wicked and corrupt, and besides stung to the quick, who had obtained a most unhappy ascendancy over the mind of their Prince, and to secure themselves, had endeavoured to make their most odious measures pass for the measures of their master, that the enormous load of their guilt might be thrown from themselves upon him; a practice not new, but of which every reign of the Stuarts furnishes examples.

I hope soon to send you part of a work, *quod et hunc in annum vivat et plures*. It opens with the general idea of political liberty; then proceeds to examine the sentiments of the European nations on this head, as distinguished from the almost universal gross despotism of the rest of the world. The third part is a criticism on the various governments of Europe. The fourth and last, is entirely on the English constitution, the various changes it has undergone, the improvements made in it by the glorious *Revolution*, and the no less happy than timely *accession* of the house of Brunswick. There are a few hints of some remedies to the defects still subsisting

sitting in this noble, and, if my prayers are heard, this eternal fabric. A large *Appendix* contains, I hope, a full justification of my conduct upon constitutional grounds. A variety of characters are drawn from the life, which, if I mistake not, will entertain you. They are certainly curious and genuine, and I believe not *skeletons*, though I hope the originals will be so before the book is published.

I am tolerably well in health, and my spirits are not sunk. I bear up still with courage; but *illum hausi dolorem vel acerbissimum in vita, abstrahi è sinu gremioque patriæ.* Adieu.

A Letter to the worthy Electors of the Borough  
of Aylesbury, in the County of Bucks.

*Vox Populi, vox Dei*, ought to be understood of the universal bent and current of a People, not of the bare MAJORITY of a few *Representatives*; which is often procured by little arts, and great industry and application; wherein those who engage in the pursuits of *Malice* and *Revenge*, are much more sedulous than such as would prevent them.

I have been often amazed at the rude, passionate, and mistaken results, which have at certain times fallen from great assemblies, both antient and modern, and of other countries as well as our own. This gave me the opinion I mentioned a while ago, that publick Conventions are liable to all the infirmities, follies, and vices of private men—therefore when we sometimes meet a *few words* put together, which is called the *Vote* or *Resolution* of an Assembly, and which we cannot possibly reconcile to prudence or publick good, it is most charitable to conjecture that such a *Vote* has been conceived, and born, and bred in a private brain, afterwards raised and supported by an obsequious party, and then with usual methods confirmed by an artificial MAJORITY.

SWIFT. *Contests and Dissentions in Athens  
and Rome.*

Paris,

Paris, Oct. 22, 1764.

GENTLEMEN,

THE very honourable, unanimous, and repeated marks of esteem you conferred on me, by committing to my trust your liberty, safety, property, and all those glorious privileges, which are your birth-right as Englishmen, entitle you to my warmest thanks, and to the highest tribute of gratitude my heart can pay. Yet in the peculiar circumstances of my case, I think that I ought not at present to rest contented with thanking you. I have always found a true pleasure in submitting to you my parliamentary conduct. It is now more particularly my duty; and when I reflect on the real importance and interesting nature of those great events, in which, as your representative, I have been more immediately concerned, I am exceedingly anxious not barely to justify myself, but to obtain the sanction of your approbation. It has ever been my ambition to approve myself worthy of the choice you have more than once made of me as your deputy to the great council of the nation, with an unanimity equally honourable and endearing. The consciousness of having faithfully discharged my trust, of having acted an upright and steady part in Parliament, as well as in the most arduous circumstances, makes me dare to hope, that you will continue to me what I most value, the good opinion and friendship of my worthy constituents. Having the happiness of being born in a country, where the name of *vassal* is unknown, where MAGNA CHARTA is the inheritance of the subject, I have endeavoured to support and  
merit



merit those privileges, to which my birth gave me the clearest right. Secure as I am of fully justifying my conduct, could I persuade myself that I have acted up to the sacred ideas of liberty, which warm the hearts, and inspire the actions of my countrymen, I should not, under all the variety of the most unjust and cruel persecutions, be quite unhappy.

The various charges brought against me may be reduced to two heads. The one is of a public, the other of a private nature. The first is grounded on the political paper of the *North Briton*, No. 45; the other respects a small part of a ludicrous poem, which was stolen out of my house. The two accusations are only so far connected, that I am convinced there is not a man in England, who believes that if the *first* had not appeared, the *second* would ever have been called in question.

The *Majority* in the *House of Commons* on the 15th of November 1763, *Resolved*, “ That  
 “ the Paper, intituled, *The North Briton*, No.  
 “ 45, is a *false, scandalous, and seditious Libel*,  
 “ containing expressions of the most unexam-  
 “ pled insolence and contumely towards his  
 “ Majesty, the grossest aspersions upon both  
 “ Houses of Parliament, and the most audaci-  
 “ ous defiance of the authority of the whole  
 “ Legislature, and most manifestly tending to  
 “ alienate the affections of the People from his  
 “ Majesty, to withdraw them from their obe-  
 “ dience to the laws of the realm, and to ex-  
 “ cite them to traiterous insurrections against  
 “ his Majesty’s government.” These are the  
 words

words of the *Resolution*. I mean to examine them with some accuracy.

The first charge is, that *The North Briton*, No. 45, is a FALSE *Libel*. The *Resolution* was moved by *Lord North*; yet in a tedious speech he did not attempt to dispute the *veracity* of any one paragraph in the whole paper. I was in my place during that debate, and I took notice to the House, that his lordship had not said a word to prove the *falsity* of any one sentence; but I could obtain no satisfaction, not even a reply, on that head. On my trial before lord Mansfield, the word *false* was omitted in the information, because I suppose the Court of *King's Bench* knew that I would prove publicly on oath in that Court by the highest authorities, that every word in it was *true*. The word *false* is not to be found among the various epithets applied to this Paper, in either of the warrants issued by lord Halifax. I am bold to declare, upon the most careful perusal of this paper, that there is not any one particular advanced, which is not founded on fact, and that every line in it is strictly and scrupulously conformable to *truth*. I will not compliment the present profligate *Majority* in the *House of Commons* so far as to say, they were so well informed, that they knew the exact truth of *every* assertion in that Paper. One particular however came within their knowledge, the means by which it is hinted that the ENTIRE APPROBATION OF PARLIAMENT, even of the *Preliminary Articles* of the late inglorious Peace, was obtained, and the previous step to the obtaining that ENTIRE APPROBATION, the large debt contracted on the *Civil List*.

*List.* They knew this assertion was extremely true, and I am as ready to own that it was extremely *scandalous*.

The second charge of *scandalous* must then be admitted in its full extent, still keeping in our view that it is *true*. But to whom is it *scandalous*? To the *Majority*, who have sacrificed the interests of the nation, by giving the ENTIRE APPROBATION OF PARLIAMENT, of which so much parade is made in the *Speech*, to an act, which ought to have been followed by an impeachment—To the Minister, who made the late ignominious *Peace*, and in the very first year of it imposed on us an intolerable *Excise*—To the worst of vipers in our bosom, to the *Tories*, who have never failed to support his unconstitutional measures, who have made us almost forget the infamy of their ancestors at *Utrecht*, by the greater sacrifices of the *Peace of Paris*. These are the objects of satire in a Paper, which deserved indeed the highest resentment of the *Majority*, because it had proclaimed their disgrace, their *scandal*, through all Europe. It was very natural for these men no longer to suffer the *supposed* author to sit among them, and I should have gloried in my *expulsion*, if it had not dissolved a political connection with my friends at Aylesbury, which did me real honour.

Another charge is, “ That the Paper is a *scanditious* libel, tending to withdraw the People from their obedience to the laws of the realm, and to excite them to *traiterous* insurrections against his Majesty’s government.”

By

By the first warrant, under which I was apprehended, *The North Briton*, No. 45, was denominated a *treasonable* Paper. In the second, by which I was committed to the Tower, *that* word too was omitted; so that the greatest enemies of this Paper seem to give up its being either *false* or *treasonable*. Now the charge is varied by the *Majority* in the *House of Commons*, with all the little quibbling of attornies. The Paper is not TREASONABLE, but *it tends to excite* TRAITEROUS *insurrections*. It is remarkable that the epithet TRAITEROUS is here given to *insurrection*, as the *supposed* consequence of a *supposed* libel; whereas the Scots, who appeared in open rebellion so lately as 1745, were in the weekly writings against the *North Briton*, published under the patronage of the *Scottish* Minister, and *paid for by him out of the public treasure*, only termed *insurgents*, who defeated *regular forces*. Yet in fact no *insurrection of any kind* ever did, or could, follow from this publication, even in those parts of the kingdom so lately subjected to all the insolence and cruelty of the most despicable of our species, the mean, petty *Exciseman*. This is the strongest case which can possibly be put. The EXCISE is the most abhorred monster, which ever sprung from arbitrary power, and the new mode of it is spoken of through this Paper as the greatest grievance on the subject; yet *even in this case*, obedience to the *laws*, and all *lawful authority*, is strictly enjoined, and no opposition, but what is consistent with the *laws* and the *constitution*, is allowed. The words are very temperate, cautious, and well guarded. "Every legal attempt  
" of a contrary tendency to the spirit of con-  
" cord



“ cord will be deemed a justifiable resistance, warranted by the spirit of the English constitution.” Is this withdrawing the people from their obedience to the *laws* of the realm? Is *resistance* recommended, but expressly only so far as it is strictly *LEGAL*? Let the impartial public determine whether this is the language of *SEDITION*, or can have the least *tendency* to excite *TRAITEROUS insurrections*, or whether the House of Commons have not made a *false* and groundless charge.

The general charge, that *The North Briton*, No. 45, is a *LIBEL*, scarcely deserves an answer, because the term is vague, and still remains undefined by our law. Every man applies it to what he dislikes. A spirited *satire* will be deemed a *libel* by a wicked Minister, and by a corrupt judge, who feel, or who dread the lash. In my opinion the rankest *libel* of modern times is the *false* and fulsome *Address* of the *Majority* in this *House of Commons* on the *Preliminary Articles*. They said that they had considered them with their *best attention*, they expressed the *strongest sentiments of gratitude*, they gave their *heartly applause*, they declared the *Peace* would be *no less honourable than profitable, solid, and, in all human probability, permanent*. Were the *House of Commons* serious in this *Address*, which was drawn up and presented, even before any one of the gross blunders in the *Preliminaries* had been amended? If they were, the body of the people judged better, and did not hesitate to give their clear opinion, that the glories of the war were sacrificed by an *inadequate and insecure Peace*, which could not fail

of



of soon retrieving the affairs of *France*. Time has already proved that the nation judged right, and that the *Peace* is in almost every part *infamous and rotten*, contrary to the vain boast in the \* *Minister's Speech* at the § *beginning* of the same session, "The utmost care has been taken to remove all occasions of future disputes between my subjects and those of *France* and *Spain*, and thereby to add security and permanency to the blessings of *Peace*." A de-

\* This expression, *the Minister's Speech*, should always be used, both from propriety and decency. From propriety, because the *Minister* composes it, and therefore it is strictly *his* speech. From decency, because when it becomes necessary to guard the people against any deceit or falsehood, which a wicked Administration chuse to use the King's tongue to broach, the King's printer to publish, the King's name to justify, by this precaution the public odium recoils on the *Minister*, and no blame, nor ridicule, directly reach the sacred person of the Sovereign.

The sneer in *Pope* is really indecent. The good bishop, who published the late edition of his works, ought in the *mild limbo* of his commentary, to have softened the severity of the following passage.

What *Speech* esteem you most? "*The King's*," said I.

But the best words?--"O Sir, the *Dictionary*."

POPE. Warburton's Edition, vol. iv. p. 275.

§ On the 25th of November, 1762. The affair of *Dunkirk*, the *Canada Bills*, the *Manilla Ransom*, &c. were unsettled at the end of May 1769.

claration

claration not believed by the nation at the time it was made, and since, from a variety of facts, known not to be founded on *truth*. The *North Briton* did not suffer the public to be misled. He acknowledged no *privileged vehicle of fallacy*. He considered the *liberty of the press* as the bulwark of all our liberties, as instituted to open the eyes of the people, and he seems to have thought it the duty of a political writer to follow *truth* wherever it leads. In his behalf I would ask even Lord Mansfield, can TRUTH be a LIBEL? Is it so in the *King's Bench*? Though it has always found a cold and unwelcome reception from his lordship, though it has through life proved much more his enemy than his friend, yet surely he has not been used to treat it as a *libel*. I do not know what the doctrine of the *King's Bench* now is, but I am sure that it will be a satisfactory answer to the honest part of mankind, who follow the dictates of sound sense, not the jargon of law, nor the court flattery of venal Parliaments, that the *North Briton*, No. 45, cannot be a LIBEL, because it does not in any one line deviate from *truth*.

This unlucky paper is likewise said to contain  
 “ expressions of the most unexampled insolence  
 “ and contumely towards his Majesty, most  
 “ manifestly tending to alienate the affections  
 “ of the People from his Majesty,” and by the hirelings of the Ministry it is always in private charged with *personal* disrespect to the King. It is however most certain that not a single word *personally* disrespectful to his Majesty is to be found in any part of it. On the contrary, the Sovereign is mentioned not only in terms of decency,

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cency, but with that regard and reverence,  
 which is due from a good subject to a good  
 King—"A Prince of so many great and amia-  
 ble qualities, whom England truly reveres—  
 "The personal character of our present amia-  
 ble Sovereign makes us easy and happy that  
 "so great a power is lodged in such hands."  
 Are these the "expressions of the most unex-  
 ampled insolence and contumely towards his  
 "Majesty," which the *Majority* in this House  
 of Commons have declared that it contains?  
 Are these "expressions most manifestly tending  
 "to alienate the affections of the People from  
 "his Majesty?" The *Majority*, who could  
 vote this, seem equally superior to any regard  
 for truth, or modest fear of detection. The  
 author of that Paper, so far from making any  
*personal* attack on his sovereign, has even vindicated  
 him *personally* from some of the late mea-  
 sures, which were so severely censured by the  
 judicious and unbiassed Public. He exclaims,  
 with an honest indignation, "what a shame  
 "was it to see the security of this country, in  
 "point of military force, complimented away,  
 "CONTRARY TO THE OPINION OF ROYAL-  
 "TY ITSELF, and sacrificed to the prejudices  
 "and to the ignorance of a set of people, the  
 "most unfit from every consideration to be  
 "consulted on a matter relative to the security  
 "of the House of Hanover?" When the *speech*  
 is mentioned, when the various absurdities, and  
 even *fallacies* of it, are held out to the nation,  
 it is always called, in the language of Parlia-  
 ment and of the constitution, the *Minister's*  
*speech*; and the author declares, that he doubts,  
 "whether the imposition is greater on the so-  
 vereign

“ vereign or on the nation ;” so tender has he been of the honour of his prince, so zealous in his vindication. The Minister is indeed every where treated with the contempt and indignation he has merited, but he is ever carefully distinguished from the Sovereign. Every kingdom in the world has in its turn found occasion to lament that princes of the best intentions have been deceived and misled by wicked and designing *Ministers* and *Favourites*. It has likewise in most countries been the fate of the few daring patriots, who have honestly endeavoured to undeceive their Sovereign, to feel the heaviest marks of his displeasure. It is however I think rather wonderful *among us, even in these times*, that a Paper, which contains the most dutiful expressions of regard to his Majesty, should be treated with such unusual severity, and yet that so many other publications of the same date, full of the most deadly venom, should pass totally unregarded. Some of these papers contained the most opprobrious reflections on that true patron of liberty, the *late King*, whose memory is embalmed with the tears of Englishmen, while his ashes are rudely trampled upon by others, whom his godlike attribute of mercy had pardoned the crime of unprovoked rebellion. Others were full of the most indecent abuse on our great Protestant ally, the King of Prussia, on the near relation of his present Majesty, who has merited so highly of the nation by fixing the crown in the House of Hanover, on the staunchest friends of freedom, the City of London, and on the first characters among us. Yet all these papers have passed un-

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uncensured by Ministers, Secretaries, and by the two Houses of Parliament.

There only remains one other charge, that the *North Briton*, No. 45, contains "the grossest aspersions upon both Houses of Parliament, and the most audacious defiance of the *authority* of the whole Legislature." It is to be lamented that the *Majority* of either House of Parliament should ever lay the just ground of any *aspersion*, or fall into general contempt with the people. We have seen their actions, and we know the mercenary motives of them. When the *grossest aspersions* are complained of, the question is, *Have they been merited? Are they well founded?* It is in vain they talk of their *authority*. It is departed from them. *Authority*, which is founded on esteem and reverence, and is the constant attendant only of those who are believed to be good and virtuous, has long ago left them; but I must own their *power* still remains. We have seen to what unjustifiable lengths it has been carried; and a man who is rash enough to make an impotent and unavailing attack upon it, will soon find himself the unpitied victim. All thinking men are full of apprehensions at the approach of their meeting, and the nation impatiently expects the allotted term of resuming a power they have so shamefully abused, by setting aside those, who have made the noblest blood of our heroes be spilt almost in vain. Under the *arbitrary Stuarts*, when our more than Roman Senates dared to bring *truth* to the foot of the throne, and made the trembling tyrant obey her sacred voice, the nation was in love with Parliaments, because  
they



they were the steady friends of liberty, and never met but in favour of the subject to redress the grievances of the people. Now we are alarmed at every approaching *session*, because we know that a corrupt *Majority* only assemble to make their own terms with the minister, to load their fellow-subjects with the most partial taxes, in order to pay the amazing number of useless places and pensions, created only to prevent their *mutiny* or *desertion*, or to surrender to the crown those *privileges* of parliament, coeval with the constitution, which were at length acknowledged to be a just claim, and extorted from the usurpation of former *prerogative princes* for the safety of the people, and I fear they meet to forge fetters for themselves and their posterity.

I have thus, gentlemen, gone through all the objections made against this paper, which is certainly innocent, perhaps meritorious, only to shew the extreme injustice of the treatment I experienced as the *supposed* author. The most cruel orders were given by the deceased secretary of state, *to drag me out of my bed at midnight*. A good deal of humanity, and some share of timidity, prevented the execution of such ruffian-like commands. I was made a prisoner in my own house by several of the king's messengers, who only produced a *General warrant* issued without oath, neither naming nor describing me. I therefore refused to obey a warrant, which I knew to be illegal. I was however by violence carried before the Earls of Egremont and Halifax, who thought it worth their while to ask me a tolerable number of plain questions, to not one of which I thought it worth my while

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while to give a plain answer. It is now no small satisfaction to me to know, that I have not a friend in the world, who wishes a single word *unsaid* by me in the critical moment of my examination. I informed their lordships of the orders actually given by the *Court of Common Pleas* for my *Habeas Corpus*; notwithstanding which I was committed to the Tower, the custody of me shifted into other hands, and that act for the liberty of the subject eluded. Although the offence of which I stood accused, was undoubtedly *bailable*, yet for three days every person was refused admittance to me, and the \*governor was obliged to treat me in a manner very different from the great humanity of his nature, for he had received orders to consider me as a *close* prisoner. I rejoice that I can say, I am the only instance of such rigorous treatment since the accession of the mild house of Brunswick, although the Tower has twice been crowded even with rebels from the northern parts of the Island; and therefore I shall continue to regret the wretched and cowardly policy, the indecent partiality, and even injustice, of conferring on Scotsmen ALL the governments of the few conquests not tamely given up by the SCOTTISH *Minister*, conquests won by the valour of the united forces of England, Scotland, and Ireland. While I suffered this harsh confinement, my house in Great George Street was plundered, all my papers were seized, and some of a very || nice  
and

\* Major Rainsford.

|| Whatever is held most dear or sacred was violated by men destitute of every good principle,  
and

delicate nature, not bearing the most distant relation to the affairs of government, were divulged, as if Administration had been determined to shew, that men, who had violated *public justice* were incapable of *private bonuor*.

Two days previous to my being heard before a court of justice, I had the grief to find that my enemies had prevailed on his Majesty to shew me a public mark of his displeasure, by superseding me as *Colonel* of the regiment of my own county, without any complaint against me, which could not but give such a step the very unconstitutional appearance of an endeavour to *influence* or *intimidate* my judges. When I was brought before the court of *Common Pleas*, I pleaded the cause of *universal liberty*. It was not the cause of Peers and Gentlemen only, but of *all the middling and inferior class of people, which stand most in need of protection*, which I observed was on that day the

and spurning at all ties of private conscience, as well as of public decorum. An indiscreet letter of the handsome and lively wife of a member of parliament in the opposition was found in Mr. Wilkes's pocket-book. The original was shewn even to some relations of the husband, and the peace of two families sacrificed at the altar of ministerial revenge. A paper was found sealed up and endorsed, *Mr. Wilkes's last Will and Testament*. It was evident this was a paper of the most private nature; yet the seal was not respected, and the sacredness of such a deed could not preserve his most secret concerns from being divulged to the public.

great

great question before the court. I was discharged from imprisonment by the unanimous sentence of my judges, without giving any bail or security. On the first day of the meeting of Parliament, I humbly submitted my grievances to the *House of Commons*, as they were chosen to be the guardians of the liberties of the people against the despotism of ministers. I likewise voluntarily entered my appearance to the actions brought at law against me, as soon as I knew the determination of the *Majority*, that all the irregularities against me should be justified, and that no *privilege* should be allowed in my case, even as to the \*mode of proceeding, which was the most harsh the rancour of party could devise.

The first charge exhibited against me was for being the *author* of the *North Briton*, No. 45, and I was expelled the House of Commons on that charge, after a *loose* examination at their bar of *witnesses without oath*. The judicial proceedings against me, as the *supposed author*, were however dropped, and I was afterwards tried in the *King's Bench* only for the *republication* of it. If the charge against me as *author* was just, and could be supported *on oath*, why was I not tried at law on that charge? If the charge was unjust, and could not be supported *on oath*, why was I *expelled*? If the *republication* is a crime, it was publicly committed by the printers of several news-papers, who still remain unnoticed, although their names appear to their several papers. This is surely a glaring proof of

\* The subpoena, &c. served on Mr. Wilkes.  
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the greatest partiality. My personal enemy, *Lord Mansfield*, chose to try both the causes against me, that he might in the most dastardly manner, under the colour of law, avenge the attack made on those known political principles of his, so inconsistent with the glorious *Revolution*, on the rooted attachment of himself and his nearest relations to the *Stuart* family, on his partiality in the seat of justice, &c. &c. which seem to have been favourite topics in the *North Briton*, and other political papers, of which his Lordship did me the honour to name me as the author. This had long rankled in his heart, and now the fairest opportunity of revenge presented itself. Having carefully studied the *records*, and finding that they did not insure the certainty he wished of my conviction, on the evening preceding the trials, he sent for my *solicitor* TO HIS OWN HOUSE, and desired him to consent to the alterations his Lordship proposed in both the causes, that of the *North Briton*, No. 45, and of the *Essay on Woman*. The *Chief justice* sunk into the crafty attorney, and made himself a party against the person accused before him as judge, when he ought to have presumed me *innocent*. My *solicitor* refused, and against his consent *the records were there materially altered* by his Lordship's express orders, so that I was tried on two new charges, very different from those I had answered. This is, I believe, the most daring violation of the rights of *Englishmen*, which has been committed by any judge since the time of *Jeffries*; yet this arbitrary Scottish *Chief Justice* still remains unimpeached—except in the hearts of the whole nation. Several of the *Fury* were by counter-

notices



notices, signed *Summoning Officer*, prevented from attending on the day appointed for the trial, while others had not only private notice given them of the *real day*, but likewise instructions for their behaviour. To crown the whole, *Lord Mansfield* in his charge *tortured both the law and the fact so grossly*, that the audience were shocked no less at the indecency than at the partiality of his conduct. I was during all this time very dangerously ill with my daughter at Paris, absolutely incapable of making any personal defence, and indeed totally ignorant of the two new questions, on which I was to be tried.

The *Majority* in the House of Commons had in this interval grown so impatient for revenge, that they would not wait to see, if I should be intangled in the nice meshes of the curious *Mansfield* net, which was spread for me. They voted my *expulsion*, while I was confined to my bed at Paris, although I had sent to their *Speaker* the most authentic proof of my absolute inability to attend their summons, and had only desired a short delay. Humanity pleaded my cause in vain. The corrupt and cankered hearts of those men, which had been shut against justice, were not open to pity. They were steeled against compassion, but I am sure they will feel remorse.

I now proceed to the other charge brought against me, which respects an idle poem, called an *ESSAY ON WOMAN*, and a few other detached verses. If so much had not been said on this subject, I should be superior to entering upon any justification of myself, because I will

always maintain the right of private opinion in its fullest extent, when it is not followed by giving any open, public offence to any establishment, or indeed to any individual. The crime commences from thence, and the magistrate has a right to interpose, and even to punish outrageous and indecent attacks on what any community has decreed to be sacred. Not only the rules of good breeding, but the laws of society are then infringed. In my own closet I had a right to examine, and even to try by the keen edge of ridicule, any opinions I pleased. If I have laughed pretty freely at the glaring absurdities of the most monstrous *creed*, which was ever attempted to be imposed on the credulity of Christians, a creed which our great Tillotson WISHED THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND WAS FAIRLY RID OF, it was in private I laughed. I am not the first good protestant, who has amused himself with the egregious nonsense, and silly conceits, of that strange, perplexed, and perplexing mortal, that *saint* of more admirable swallow, and more happy digestion than any of the tribe, *Atbanasius*. I gave however no offence to any one individual of the community. The fact is, that after the affair of the *North Briton*, the government bribed one of my servants to *steal* a part of the *Essay on Woman*, and the other pieces, out of my house. Not quite a *fourth* part of the volume had been printed at my own private press. The work had been discontinued for several months, before I had the least knowledge of the theft. Of that *fourth* part only twelve copies were worked off, and I never gave one of those copies to any friend. In this infamous manner did government

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vernment get possession of this new subject of accusation, and, except in the case of Algernon Sydney, of this new species of crime; for a *Stuart* only could make the refinement in tyranny of ransacking and robbing the recesses of closets and studies, in order to convert *private amusements* into *state crimes*. After the servant had been bribed to commit the theft in his master's house, the most abandoned \* man of the age, who in this *virtuous* reign had risen to be secretary of state, was bribed to make a complaint to the House of Lords, that I had *published* an infamous *Poem*, which no man there had ever seen. It was read before that great assembly of *grave lords* and *pious prelates*, *excellent judges of wit and poetry*, and was ordered to lie on the table, for the clerks of the House to copy, and to *publish* through the nation. The whole of this proceeding was, I own, a public insult on order and decency; but it was committed by the House of Lords, not by the accused member of the House of Commons. The neat, prim, smirking *chaplain* of that babe of grace, that *gude cheeld* of the prudish kirk of *Scotland*, the *Earl of March*, was highly offend-

\* The earl of Sandwich, of whom *Churchill* in the *Candidate* says,

Vice, bold, substantial vice, puts in her claim,  
And stamps him perfect in the books of shame.  
Observe his follies well, and you would swear  
Folly had been his first, his only care;  
Observe his vices, you'll that oath disown,  
And swear that he was born for vice alone.—  
Search earth, search hell, the Devil cannot find  
An agent, like Lothario, to his mind.

ed at my having made an *essay on woman*. His nature could not forgive me that \**inoffable* crime, and his own conduct did not afford me the shadow of an apology. In great wrath he drew his grey goose quill against me. The *pious peer* caught the alarm, and they both poured forth most woful lamentations, their tender hearts overwhelmed with *grief*, or as the *chaplain*, who held the pen, said, with *grief of griefs*. He proceeded to make very unfair extracts, and afterwards to *be-note* them in the foulest manner. The most vile blasphemies were forged, and published as part of a work, which in reality contained nothing but fair ridicule on some doctrines I could not believe, mock panegyrick, flowing from mere envy, which sickened at the *superior parts and abilities*, as well as *wondrous deeds* of a man I could not love, a few portraits drawn from warm life, with the too high colouring of a youthful fancy, and two or three descriptions, perhaps too luscious, which though nature and woman might pardon, a Kidgell and a Mansfield could not fail to condemn.

I have now, Gentlemen, gone through all the objections, which have been made to my conduct in a *public* capacity. My enemies finding that I was invulnerable, where they pointed their most envenomed darts, afterwards attempted to assassinate my private character, and propagated an infinite variety of groundless calumnies against me. I have generally treated these with the contempt they deserved, from the certainty that all who knew me, would

\* The expression of Mr. Kidgell.

know



know that I was incapable of the things laid to my charge. A few falsehoods advanced with more boldness than the rest, I was at the pains to refute. The Winchester \* story in particular, because it respected lord Bute's own son, and had been ushered to the public with the greatest parade, as well as with all the impudence of malice, and rage of party, I disproved so fully, that I am sure not the least shadow of a doubt remained in any man's mind as to my entire innocence of that most illiberal charge. I have lived so long among you, Gentlemen, that I will rest every thing respecting me as a private man on the testimony, which the experience of so many years authorizes you to give, well knowing that true candour always weighs in the same balance faults and virtues. The shades in private life are darkened by an enemy, but scarcely seen by a friend. Besides it is not given to every man to be as *pious* as lord Sandwich, or as *chaste*, yet as *potent*, in and out of the marriage-bed, in all thought, word, and deed, as the *Bishop of Gloucester*.

A few other particulars, Gentlemen, deserve to be mentioned, that you may have before you the whole of my conduct in these interesting affairs. Immediately after the late flagrant breach of the laws, I thought it my duty to the community to commence actions against all the persons guilty. I despised the meanness of attacking only agents and deputies. I endeavoured to bring to the jurisdiction of the law, the *principals*, the first and great offenders, the

\* Vide the North Briton, No. XXI.



*two secretaries of state.* I blush for my country, when I add, that although I have employed the ablest gentlemen of the profession, they have hitherto found it impossible even to force an appearance. Lord Egremont died, braving the justice of his country. Lord Halifax lives, perhaps to triumph over it, and to give the example to future secretaries of committing the grossest violation of the rights of the Commons with impunity. The judicial proceedings at my suit commenced in the beginning of May twelvemonth, and now at the end of October in the present year, his lordship has not entered any appearance, seeking shelter all the winter under *privilege*, all the summer under the *chibane of law*. The *little offenders* indeed have not escaped. Several *honest juries* have marked them with ignominy, and their guilt has been followed with legal punishment. But what is of infinitely greater importance to the nation, we have heard from the Bench, that **GENERAL WARRANTS are absolutely illegal**. Such a declaration is become in the highest degree interesting to the subject, because the *Majority* in this *courtly House of Commons* refused the very last winter to come to any resolution in favour of the rights of their fellow-subjects. We owe it likewise to the most upright, independent, and intrepid *Chief Justice* of the *Court of Common Pleas*, that in the action against the under secretary of state, Mr. Wood, *the seizure of papers*, except in cases of High Treason, has been declared *illegal*.

When I reflect on these two most important determinations in favour of *liberty*, the best cause,

cause, and the noblest stake, for which men can contend, I congratulate my free-born countrymen, and am full of gratitude that heaven inspired me with a firmness and fortitude equal to the conduct of so arduous a business. Under all the wanton cruelties of usurped and abused power, the goodness of the cause supported me, and I never lost sight of the great object, which I had from the first in my view, the preservation of the rights and privileges of every *Englishman*. I glory in the name, and will never forget the duties resulting from it. Though I am driven into exile from my dear country, I shall never cease to love and reverence its constitution, while it remains free. It will continue my first ambition to approve myself a faithful son of England, and I shall always be ready to give my life a willing sacrifice to my native country, and to what it holds most dear, the security of our invaluable liberties. While I live, I shall enjoy the satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain, that the present age has borne the noblest testimony to me, and that my name will pass with honour to posterity, for the upright and disinterested part I have acted, and for my unwearied endeavours *to protect and secure the persons, houses, and papers, of my fellow subjects from arbitrary visits and seizures.*

I am,

GENTLEMEN,

With much regard and affection,

Your most obliged,

And obedient humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

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A Letter

A Letter to his Grace *the Duke of Grafton*,  
First Commissioner of his Majesty's Treas-  
ury.

London, Nov. 1, 1766.

MY LORD,

**I**T is a very peculiar satisfaction I feel on my return to my native country, that a nobleman of your grace's superior talents, and inflexible integrity, is at the head of the most important department of the state. I have been witness of the general applause, which has been given abroad to the choice his Majesty has made; and I am happy to find my own countrymen zealous and unanimous in every testimony of their approbation.

I hope, my lord, that I may congratulate myself, as well as my country, on your grace's being placed in a station of so great power and importance. Though I have been cut off from the body of his Majesty's subjects, by a cruel and unjust proscription, I have never entertained an idea inconsistent with the duty of a good subject. My heart still retains all its former warmth for the dignity of England, and the glory of its Sovereign. I have not associated with the traitors to our liberties, nor made a single connection with any man who was dangerous, or even suspected by the friends of the protestant family on the throne. I now hope that the rigour of a long, unmerited exile is past, and that I may be allowed to continue in the land, and among the friends, of liberty.

I wish,

I wish, my lord, to owe this to the mercy of my Prince. I entreat your grace to lay me with all humility at the King's feet, with the truest assurances that I have never, in any moment of my life, swerved from the duty and allegiance I owe to my Sovereign, and that I implore, and in every thing submit to, his Majesty's clemency.

Your grace's noble manner of thinking, and the \* obligations I have formerly received, which are still fresh in my mind, will, I hope, give a full propriety to this address, and I am sure a heart glowing with the sacred zeal of liberty, must have a favourable reception from the Duke of Grafton. I flatter myself that my conduct will justify your grace's interceding with a Prince, who is distinguished by a compassionate tenderness and goodness to all his subjects.

I am, with the truest respect,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obedient,

And most humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

\* Cicero, speaking of Pompey, says, *Nos, ut ostendit, admodum diligit, amplectitur, amat, apertè laudat: sed—nihil come, nihil simplex, nihil*  
εν τοις πολιτικοις *bonestum, nihil illustre, nihil forte, nihil liberum.*

A Second

## A Second Letter to the Duke of Grafton.

Vacare culpâ magnum est solatium ; præsertim cum habeam duas res quibus me sustentem, optimarum artium scientiam, et maximarum rerum gloriam, quarum altera mihi vivo nunquam eripietur, altera ne mortuo quidem.

CICERO.

Paris, Dec. 12, 1766.

MY LORD,

I AM not yet recovered from the astonishment into which I was thrown by your grace's verbal message, in answer to my letter of the first of November. In a conversation I had with colonel Fitzroy at the Hôtel d'Espagne, he did me the honour of assuring me, that I should find his brother my real and sincere friend, extremely desirous to concur in doing me justice, that he was to tell me this from your grace, but that many interesting particulars relative to me could not be communicated by letter, nor by the post. I fondly believed these obliging assurances, because on a variety of occasions your grace had testified a full approbation of my conduct, had thanked me in the most flattering terms, as the person the most useful to the common cause in which we were embarked\*,

\* Mr. Wilkes might very well exclaim in the words of TULLY, *Non est credibile, quæ sit perfidia in istis principibus, ut volunt esse, et ut essent, si quicquam haberent fidei; senseram, noram, indutus, relictus, projectus ab iis: tamen hoc erat in animo, ut cum iis in Republicâ consentirem.*

and



and had shewn an uncommon zeal to serve a man who had suffered so much in the cause of liberty.

I returned to England with the gayest, and the most lively hopes. As soon as I arrived at London, I desired my excellent friend, Mr. Fitzherbert, to wait on your grace with every profession of regard on my part, and the resolution I had taken of entirely submitting the mode of the application I would make to the throne for my pardon. I cannot express the anxiety, which your grace's answer gave me, "Mr. Wilkes must write to lord Chatham." I then begged Mr. Fitzherbert to state the reasons, which made it impossible for me to follow that advice, from every principle of honour, both public and private. I shewed too the impropriety of supplicating a fellow-subject for mercy, the *prerogative* good Kings are the most jealous of, by far the brightest jewel in their crown, and the attribute by which they may the nearest approach to the Divinity.

I afterwards wrote the letter to your grace, which I have seen in all the public prints. I never received any other answer than a *verbal* message, "Mr. Wilkes must write to Lord Chatham. I do nothing without Lord Chatham." When I found that my pardon was to be bought with the sacrifice of my honour, I had the virtue not to hesitate. I spurned at the proposal, and left my dear, native London, with a heart full of grief that my fairest hopes were blasted, of humiliation that I had given an easy faith to the promises of a minister and  
a cour-

a courtier and of astonishment that a nobleman of parts and discernment could continue in an infatuation, from which the conduct of lord Chatham had recovered every other man in the nation. He was indeed long the favourite character of our countrymen. Every tongue was wanton in his praise. The whole people lavished on him their choicest favours, and endeavoured by the noblest means, by an unbounded generosity and confidence, to have kept him virtuous. With what anguish were we at last undeceived? How much it cost us to give up a man, who had so long entirely kept possession of our hearts? How cruel was the struggle? But alas! how is he changed? how fallen? from what height fallen? His glorious sun is set, I believe, never to rise again.

We long hoped, my lord, that public virtue was the *guide* of his actions, and the love of our country his ruling passion, but he has fully shewn, *omnis vis, virtusque in linguâ sita est* \*. Our hearts glowed with gratitude for the important services he had done against the common enemy, and the voice of the nation hailed him our deliverer; but private ambition was all the while skulking behind the shield of the patriot, and at length in an evil hour made him quit the scene of all his glory, the only place in which he could be truly useful, for a retreat, where he knew it was impossible the confidence of the people could follow, but where he might

\* Ad C. Cæsarem de Republica Ordinanda Epistola prima.

in glorious ease bear his BLUSHING *honours thick upon him.*

I might now, my lord, expostulate with your grace on a *verbal* message, and of such a nature, in answer to a letter couched in the most decent and respectful terms, coming too from a late member of the legislature. I might regret, that the largest proffers of friendship and real service could mean no more than two or three words of cold advice, that I should apply to another. I might be tempted to think it a duty of office in the first lord of the Treasury, to have submitted to his Majesty a petition relative to the exercise of the noblest act of regal power, which any constitution can give any sovereign. Surely, my lord, my application to the first commissioner of the treasury, who is always considered as the first Minister in England, was the very proper application. As I had made no discovery of any new wonderful pill or drop, nor pretended to the secret of curing the gout or the tooth-ach, I never thought of soliciting lord Chatham *for a privy seal*. His lordship's office was neither important, nor responsible. I will not however enlarge on this, but I shall desire your grace's permission fully to state what has happened to me as a private gentleman, relative to lord Chatham, because I would not leave a doubt concerning the propriety of my conduct in a mind naturally so candid, and so capable of judging truly, as that of the *Duke of Grafton*.

I believe that the flinty heart of lord Chatham has known the sweets of private friendship,  
and

and the fine feelings of humanity, as little as even lord Mansfield. They are both formed to be admired, not beloved. A proud, insolent, overbearing, ambitious man is always full of the ideas of his own importance, and vainly imagines himself superior to the equality necessary among real friends in all the moments of true enjoyment. Friendship is too pure a pleasure for a mind cankered with ambition, or the lust of power and grandeur. Lord Chatham declared in Parliament the strongest attachment to lord Temple, one of the greatest characters our country could ever boast, and said *he would live and die with his noble brother*. He has received obligations of the first magnitude from that *noble brother*, yet what trace of gratitude, or of friendship, was ever found in any part of his conduct? and has he not now declared the most open variance, and even hostility? I have had as warm and express declarations of regard as could be made by this marble-hearted friend, and Mr. Pitt had no doubt his views in even feeding me with § flattery from time to time, on occasions too where candour and indulgence were all I could claim. He may remember the compliments he paid me on two certain poems in the year 1754. If I were to take the declarations made by himself and the late Mr. \* Potter *à la lettre*, they were more charmed with those verses after the ninety ninth reading than after the first; so that from this circumstance, as well as some of his speech-

§ Vide Mr. Pitt's Letters in the second volume.

\* Vide Mr. Potter's Letters in the second volume.



es in Parliament, it seems to be likewise true of the first orator, or rather the first comedian, of our age, *non displicuisse illi jocos, sed non contigisse* †.

I will now submit to your grace, if there was not something peculiarly base and perfidious in Mr. Pitt's calling me a *blasphemer of my God* for those very verses, at a time when I was absent, and dangerously ill from an affair of honour. The charge too he knew was † false, for the whole ridicule of those two pieces was confined to certain mysteries, which formerly the *unplaced and unpensioned* Mr. Pitt did not think himself obliged even to affect to believe. He added another charge equally unjust, that I was a *libeller of my king*, although he was sensible that I never wrote a single line disrespectful to the sacred person of my sovereign, but had only attacked the despotism of his ministers, with the spirit becoming a good subject and a zealous friend of his country. The reason of this perfidy was plain. He was then beginning to pay homage to the Scottish idol, and I was the most acceptable sacrifice he could offer at the shrine of BUTE. History scarcely gives so remarkable a change. He was a few years ago the mad, seditious Tribune of the People, insulting his

† Quintilian uses this expression, speaking of Demosthenes.

† The verdict of the jury fully justified Mr. Wilkes from this scandalous charge of *blasphemy* made by Mr. Pitt in the House of Commons. Vide likewise the *Votes, Martis, 31<sup>o</sup> die Januarii, 1769.*

Sovereign



Sovereign even in his capital city, now he is the abject, crouching deputy of the proud Scot, who, as he declared in Parliament, *wants wisdom, and holds principles incompatible with freedom*; a most ridiculous character surely for a statesman, and the subject of a free kingdom, but the very proper composition for a *favourite*. Was it possible for me after this to write a suppliant letter to lord Chatham? I am the first to pronounce myself most unworthy of a pardon, if I could have obtained it on those terms.

Although I declare, my lord, that the conscious pride of virtue makes me look down with contempt on a man, who could be guilty of this baseness, who could in the lobby † declare that I must be supported, and in the House on the same day desert and revile me, yet I will on every occasion do justice to the minister. He has served the public in all those points, where the good of the nation coincided with his own private views; and in no other. I venerate the memory of the Secretary, and I think it an honour to myself that I steadily supported in Parliament an administration, the most successful we ever had, and which carried the glory of the nation to the highest pitch in every part of the world. He found his country almost in despair. He raised the noble spirit of England, and strained every nerve against our enemies. His

† This declaration was made to George Onslow, esq; son of the late Speaker, and to other gentlemen. A curious letter of Mr. Onslow, dated *Ember Court, Sept. 21, 1765*, is in the second volume.

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plans, when in power, were always great, although in direct opposition to the declarations of his whole life, when out of power. The invincible bravery of the British troops gave success even to the most rash, the most extravagant, the most desperate of his projects. He saw early the hostile intentions of Spain, and if the celebrated *written advice*, which he gave, had been followed, a very few weeks had then probably closed the last general war; although the merit of that *advice* was more the merit of his *noble brother*, than his own. After the omnipotence of lord Bute in 1761 had forced Mr. Pitt to retire from his majesty's councils, and the cause was declared by himself to be our conduct relative to Spain, I had the happiness of setting that affair in so clear and advantageous a light, that he expressed the most entire satisfaction, and particular obligations to my friendship. I do not however make this a claim of merit to Mr. Pitt. It was my duty, from the peculiar advantages of information I then had.

The constitution of our country has no obligations to him. He has left it with all its beauties and all its blemishes. He never once appeared in earnest about any question of liberty. He was the cause that in 1764 no point was gained for the public in the two great questions of *General Warrants*, and the *Seizure of Papers*. The cursed remains of the court of Star Chamber, the enormous power of the attorney-general, the sole great judicial officer of the crown, who is *durante bene placito*, and not upon oath, who tramples on *Grand Juries*, and breaks down the first, the foremost barriers of liberty, continued

tinued during his administration the same as before. Every grievance, which was not rooted out by the glorious Revolution, and the later struggles of our patriots, still subsists in full force, notwithstanding the absolute power he exercised for several years over every department of the state—But I have done with lord Chatham. I leave him to the poor consolation of a place, a pension, and a peerage, for which he has sold the confidence of a great nation. Pity shall find, and weep over him.

I am now, my lord, once more driven from the Romans to the gay, the polite † Athenians, but I shall endeavour to convince your grace that I am not totally lost to my country, nor to myself, in this scene of elegant dissipation, and that I do not waste the time in unavailing complaints of my hard fate and the ingratitude of those, whom I have served with success; for I shall very soon beg to call the public attention

† It is remarkable that *France* has generally been chosen as the *asylum* of persecuted merit or genius. One of their best authors says, *De tout tems, les Rois malheureux, et les hommes illustres, ont choisi leur asile en France, parce que de tout tems le François a eu la réputation d'être un peuple doux, humain et compatissant.* Sydney retired to France, and during the greatest part of his exile chose to live there, even under Lewis the Fourteenth, who had entirely destroyed the small remains of liberty in that kingdom; but at last duped by the insidious promises of the English court, he returned to his native country, and died on a scaffold.

to some points of national importance, and in the mean time I shall embrace this opportunity of doing myself justice against the calumnies, which a restless faction does not cease to propagate.

The affair of the *General Warrant*, and the *Habeas Corpus*, is told very unfaithfully, and almost every particular relative to my being made a prisoner, and sent to the Tower on the 30th of April 1763, has been injuriously misrepresented in several late publications. I shall therefore state the transactions of that memorable day, and I appeal to the minutes taken at the time for the accuracy of this relation.

On my return from the city early that morning, I met at the end of Great George-street one of the King's messengers. He told me that he had a *warrant* to apprehend me, which he must execute immediately, and I must attend him to lord Halifax's. I desired to see the *warrant*. He said it was *against the authors, printers, and publishers of the North Briton, No. 45*, and that his verbal orders were *to arrest Mr. Wilkes*. I told him the *warrant* did not respect me. I advised him to be very civil, and use no violence in the street, for if he attempted force, I would put him to death in the instant, but if he would come quietly to my house, I would convince him of the illegality of the *warrant*, and the injustice of the orders he had received. He chose to accompany me home, and then produced the *General Warrant*. I declared that such a *warrant* was absolutely illegal and void in itself, that it was a ridiculous *warrant* against  
the



the whole English nation, and I asked why he would serve it on me rather than on the Lord Chancellor, either of the secretaries of state, lord Bute, or lord Corke, my next door neighbour. The answer was, *I am to arrest Mr. Wilkes.* About an hour afterwards two other messengers arrived, and several of their assistants. They all endeavoured in vain to persuade me to accompany them to lord Halifax's. I had likewise many civil messages from his lordship to desire my attendance. My only answer was, that I had not the honour of visiting his lordship, and this first application was rather rude and ungentleman-like.

While some of the messengers and their assistants were with me, Mr. Churchill came into the room. I had heard that their *verbal* orders were likewise to apprehend him, but I suspected they did not know his person, and by presence of mind I had the happiness of saving my friend. As soon as Mr. Churchill entered the room, I accosted him, "Good morrow, Mr. Thomson. "How does Mrs. Thomson do to-day? Does "she dine in the country?" Mr. Churchill thanked me, said she then waited for him, that he only came for a moment to ask me how I did, and almost directly took his leave. He went home immediately, secured all his papers, and retired into the country. The messengers could never get intelligence where he was. The following week he came to town, and was present both the days of hearing at the court of Common Pleas.

The



The whole morning passed in messages between lord Halifax and me. The business of the messengers being soon publicly known, several of my friends came to me on so extraordinary an event. I desired two or three of them to go to the court of *Common Pleas*, to make affidavit of my being a prisoner in my own house under an illegal *warrant*, and to demand the *Habeas Corpus*. The Chief Justice gave orders that it should issue immediately.

A constable came afterwards with several assistants of the messengers. I repeatedly insisted on their all leaving me, and declared I would not suffer any one of them to continue in the room against my consent, for I knew and would support the rights of an Englishman in the sanctuary of his own house. I was then threatened with immediate violence, and a regiment of the guards, if necessary. I soon found all resistance would be vain. The constable demanded my sword, and insisted on my immediately attending the messengers to lord Halifax's. I replied, that if they were not assassins, they should first give me their names in writing. They complied with this, and thirteen set their hands to the paper. I then got into my own chair, and proceeded to lord Halifax's, guarded by the messengers and their assistants.

I was conducted into a great apartment fronting the Park, where lord Halifax and lord Egremont, the two secretaries of state, were sitting at a table covered with paper, pens and ink. The under-secretaries stood near their lordships. Mr. Lovel Stanhope the law-clerk, and Mr. Philip

Philip Carteret Webb, the solicitor of the treasury, were the only persons besides who attended. Lord Egremont received me with a supercilious, insolent air; lord Halifax with great politeness. I was desired to take the chair near their lordships, which I did. Lord Halifax then began, "that he was really concerned that he  
 " had been necessitated to proceed in that manner against me, that it was exceedingly to be  
 " regretted that a gentleman of my rank and  
 " abilities could engage against the King, and  
 " his Majesty's government." I replied, that  
 " his lordship could not be more mistaken, for  
 " the King had not a subject more zealously  
 " attached to his person and government than  
 " myself, that I had all my life been a warm  
 " friend of the House of Brunswick and the  
 " Protestant Succession, that while I made the  
 " truest professions of duty to the King, I was  
 " equally free to declare in the same moment,  
 " that I believed no Prince had ever the misfortune of being served by such ignorant, insolent, and despotic ministers, of which my being there was a fresh, glaring proof, for I  
 " was brought before their lordships by force  
 " under a *General Warrant*, which named no  
 " body, in violation of the laws of my country,  
 " and of the privileges of Parliament, that I  
 " begged both their lordships to remember my  
 " present declaration, that on the very first day  
 " of the ensuing session of Parliament, I would  
 " stand up in my place and impeach them for  
 " the outrage they had committed in my person against the liberties of the people." Lord  
 " Halifax answered, that nothing had been  
 " done but by the advice of the best lawyers,  
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“ and that it was now his duty to examine me.” He had in his hand a long list of questions, regularly numbered. He began, “ Mr. Wilkes, “ do you know † Mr. Kearfly? When did you “ see him? &c. &c.” I replied, “ that I suspected there was a vain hope my answer “ would tend rather to what his lordship wished to know, that he seemed to be lost in a “ dark and intricate path, and really wanted “ much light to guide him through it, but that “ I could assure his lordship not a single ray “ should come from me.” Lord Halifax returned to the charge, “ Mr. Wilkes, do you “ know Mr. Kearfly? &c. &c.” I said, “ That “ this was a curiosity on his lordship’s part, “ which however laudable in the secretary, I “ did not find myself disposed to gratify, and “ that at the end of my examination all the “ quires of paper on their lordships’ table should “ be as milk white as at the beginning.” Lord Halifax then “ desired to remind me of my being their prisoner, and of their right to examine me ” I answered “ that I should imagine their lordships’ time was too precious to “ be trifled away in that manner, that they “ might have seen before I would never say “ one word they desired to know;” and I added, “ Indeed, my lords, I am not made of such “ flimsy stuff;” then turning to lord Egremont, I said, “ Could you employ tortures, I would “ never utter a word unbecoming my honour, “ or affecting the sacred confidence of any “ friend. God has given me firmness and fidelity. You trifle away your time most egregiously, my lords.” Lord Halifax then “ ad-

† The publisher of the North Briton, No. XLV.

" vifed me to weigh well the consequences of  
 " my conduct, and the advantages to myself  
 " of a generous, frank confession." I lamented  
 " the prostitution of the word, *generous*, to  
 " what I should consider as an act of the ut-  
 " most treachery, cowardice, and wickedness."  
 His lordship then asked me, " If I chose to be a  
 " prisoner in my own house, at the Tower, or  
 " in Newgate, for he was disposed to oblige  
 " me." I gave his lordship my thanks, but  
 " I desired to remark, that I never received  
 " an obligation, but from a friend, that I de-  
 " manded justice, and my immediate liberty,  
 " as an Englishman, who had not offended the  
 " laws of his country; that as to the rest, it was  
 " beneath my attention, the odious idea of re-  
 " straint was the same odious idea every where;  
 " that I would go where I pleased, and if I was  
 " restrained by a superior force, I must yield to  
 " the violence, but would never give colour to  
 " it by a shameful compromise; that every  
 " thing was indifferent to me in comparison of  
 " my honour and my liberty; that I made my  
 " appeal to the laws, and had already by my  
 " friends applied to the *Court of Common Pleas*  
 " for the *Habeas Corpus*, which the Chief Jus-  
 " tice had actually ordered to be issued, and  
 " that I hoped to owe my discharge solely to my  
 " innocence, and to the vigour of the law in  
 " a free country." Lord Halifax then told me,  
 " that I should be sent to the \* Tower, where  
 " I should be treated in a manner suitable to my

\* Nor *stony tower*, nor walls of beaten brass,  
 Nor *airless dungeon*, nor strong links of iron,  
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit.

SHAKESPEARE.

" rank,



"rank, and that he hoped the Messengers had  
 "behaved well to me." I acknowledged "that  
 "they had behaved with humanity, and even  
 "civility to me, notwithstanding the ruffian or-  
 "ders given them by his lordship's colleague."  
 I then again turned to lord Egremont, and said,  
 "Your lordship's verbal orders were to drag  
 "me out of my bed at midnight. The first  
 "man, who had entered my bedchamber by  
 "force, I should have laid dead on the spot.  
 "Probably I should have fallen in the skirmish  
 "with the others. I thank God, not your lord-  
 "ship, that such a scene of blood has been  
 "avoided. Your lordship is very ready to is-  
 "sue orders, which you have neither the cou-  
 "rage to sign, nor I believe to justify." No  
 reply was made to this. The conversation drop-  
 ped. Lord Halifax retired into another apart-  
 ment. Lord Egremont continued sullen and  
 silent about a quarter of an hour. I then made  
 a few remarks on some capital pictures, which  
 were in the room, and his lordship left me alone.

I was afterwards conducted into another  
 apartment. I found there several of my friends,  
 in argument with the most infamous of all the  
 tools of that administration, Mr. Philip Cart-  
 ret Webb. He confirmed to me, that I was to  
 be carried to the Tower, and "wished to know  
 "if I had any favours to ask." I replied,  
 "that I was used to confer, not to receive, fa-  
 "vours, that I was superior to the receiving  
 "any, even from his masters, that all I would  
 "say to him was, if my valet de chambre was  
 "allowed to attend me in the Tower, I should  
 "be shaved and have a clean shirt; if he was



“ not, I should have a long beard, and dirty  
 “ linen.” Mr. Webb said, “ that orders  
 “ would be given for his admission at the Tow-  
 “ er.” I complained of the shameful evasion  
 of the *Habeas Corpus*, in sending me to the  
 Tower, though the orders of the Chief Justice  
 Pratt were known. Mr. Webb made no reply  
 to this. He came to visit me at the Tower in  
 the beginning of my imprisonment, when I  
 had not the permission to see any friend. I de-  
 sired him almost at his first entrance to take his  
 leave ; “ for if I was not allowed to see those  
 “ I loved, I would not see those I despised.”

While I continued in the Tower, I was pres-  
 sed to offer bail in order to regain my liberty,  
 and two of the first nobility desired to be my  
 securities in the sum of 100,000*l.* each. I was  
 exceedingly grateful for the offer, but would  
 not accept it. I observed, that neither my  
 health, nor my spirits, were affected, that I  
 would by great temperance and abstinence en-  
 deavour to compensate the want of air and ex-  
 ercise, but if my health suffered in a dangerous  
 way, I would then accept such generous offers,  
 for I hoped to live that so noble a cause might  
 be brought to a glorious issue for the liberties of  
 my country. From the beginning of this ar-  
 duous business, I would not on any occasion give  
 bail, by which I never involved any friend, and  
 remained the perfect master of my own conduct.

I shall now, my lord, proceed to do myself  
 justice against a calumny of Sir John Cust, a  
 person of the meanest natural parts, and infi-  
 nitely beneath all regard, except from the office  
 he

he bears, with the utmost discredit to himself, with equal disgrace and insufficiency to the public. I find in the twenty-ninth volume of the Journals of the House of Commons, just published, page 721. " Jovis 19<sup>o</sup> die Januarii, 1764, " Mr. Speaker acquainted the House, that he, " upon Tuesday last, received a letter by the " general post from Mr. Wilkes, dated Paris " the 11<sup>th</sup> instant, inclosing a paper in the " French language, purporting to be a certificate of one of the French king's physicians, " and of a surgeon of the said king's army, " relating to the state of Mr. Wilkes's health, " subscribed with two names, but not authenticated before a notary public, nor the signature thereof verified in any manner whatsoever." Then follow the *letter* and *certificate*. The insinuation is too plain to be overlooked, too false to be forgiven. The signature was verified by my letter. It is certain that the certificate was in all the *usual* forms, yet though the affair was determined with respect to me, and I was indecently expelled the *House of Commons* on the same day, without any time being allowed for other proof, a regard to truth, and my own honour, made me give the most compleat answer to this wretched subterfuge of the abandoned *Majority*. I sent a second certificate in the *unusual* form they had prescribed themselves, attested by two notaries, and confirmed by the English ambassador. I wrote likewise again to the Speaker on the 5<sup>th</sup> of February following, but neither the second letter, certificate, or attestation, is to be found in the Journals, as they ought in justice to my character. I have however, my lord, taken care that they

should be published, for in a free government like our's I will endeavour through my life to emulate the spirit of antient Rome, *provoco ad populum*; and while the people do not condemn me, I *may* perhaps in this, I *shall* most certainly in every succeeding age, rise superior to any party cabal, or court faction. This step covered my enemies with confusion, but was of no farther service to me. The party war against me ceased of course in the *House of Commons*, but flamed with equal fury in *Westminster Hall*, and was attended with every circumstance of revenge and cruelty, which the ingenious wit of a Mansfield could devise to gratify the malice of a bad heart.

In the same volume of the Journals, page 723, I find that I am voted *guilty of WRITING and PUBLISHING the paper, intituled "The "North Briton, No. 45,"* and that several witnesses were examined as to those two facts. There is not however in the Journals a single word of the evidence they gave, and it is well known that not one of them did, or could, say any thing relative to the *authorship*. The evidence of the *publication* was exceedingly slight, but the willingness of the judges made ample amends for the deficiency of the witnesses, who were not upon oath. The administration did not chuse to risk either of these charges against me even in the court of King's Bench, and I was only tried for a *re-publication*. I will never blush at the imputation of being the *author* of that paper, because I know that truth is respected in every line. One circumstance will soon fully appear to the indignant public. I mean  
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the large \* debt on the Civil List, contracted chiefly by the scandalous purchase of a parliamentary approbation of the late ignominious peace, the arbitrary excise, and other ruinous measures of the Scottish minister. But I leave the affair of the Civil List to a future exact discussion.

The last calumny, my lord, which I shall disprove, respects the actions at law against lord Halifax. It is said that I have neglected, or purposely discontinued them, since my exile. The imputation is totally groundless. I was so ill at Paris in the beginning of the year 1764, that it was impossible for me then to return to England alive, but I gave the most express orders that the law proceedings should be carried on with vigour, and in fact there was not a moment's delay. When my wound began to heal in the spring, I was dissuaded by all my friends from returning to a country, where the same administration, which had illegally seized my person, plundered my house, corrupted the fidelity of my servants, and by the wicked arts of an arbitrary judge, who caused the records to be falsified, had just obtained two verdicts against me, were still in full power. I yielded to these reasons, because † *propter eorum scelus, nihil mi-*  
bi

\* Above half a million was voted on this account in March 1769, and a direct refusal made to enquire into the causes of the Civil List debt.

† These words the great Roman orator uses concerning his own unfortunate condition. After his return to England, Mr. Wilkes might  
H † have



*bi intra meos parietes tutum, nihil insidiis vacuum viderem.* Lord Halifax for near two years availed himself of every advantage, which privilege and the chicane of law could furnish. He never entered any appearance to a court of justice, and the Common Pleas had, as far as they could, punished such an open contempt, such a daring proof that administration would not submit to the *law of the land*, and had endeavoured to compel his lordship to appear. Towards the end of 1764 I was *outlawed*.|| The proceedings continued against his lordship till that hour. He then appeared, and his single plea was, that as an *outlaw*, I could not hold any

have applied to himself the rest of the passage, *in reditu meo nibilo meliores res domesticas, quàm rempublicam offendissem--novarum me necessitudinum fidelitate contra veterum perfidiam muniendum putavi.* The experience of every man, who has drunk deep of the bitter cup of adversity, has been, I believe, much the same in all ages. The treachery of the great, and the baseness of the degenerate herd of selfish and interested friends, fill most of our books. The world has never been without the *Clodius* and the *Grafton*, no more than the *serpent* and the *viper*.

|| This *outlawry* was not declared illegal till June 1768. When Mr. Wilkes received abroad the news of his being *outlawed*, he was not dejected, but gave immediate orders to attempt the reversal of all the proceedings, and concluded in the words of Tully, *Perficiam profectò, ut me non modò non segregandum, cùm sim civis, à numero civium, verum etiam si non essem, putetis asciscendum fuisse.*

action.



action. No other defence was made against the heinous charge of having in my person violated the rights of the people.

I felt this, my lord, as the most cruel stroke, which fortune had given me. Justice had at length overtaken many of the inferior criminals, but my *outlawry* prevented my punishing the great, the capital offender, when after all his subterfuges he was almost within my reach. I please myself however with the reflexion that no minister has since dared to issue a *General Warrant*, nor to sign an order for the *Seizure of Papers*. In the one the personal liberty of every-subject is immediately concerned. On the other may depend not only his own safety and property, but what will come still more home to a man of honour, the security, the happiness of those, with whom he is most intimately connected, their fortunes, their future views, perhaps secrets, the discovery of which would drive the coldest stoic to despair, their very existence possibly, all that is important in the public walk of life, all that is dear and sacred in friendship and in love. I was the *last* oppressed, but I was the *first* man, who had the courage to carry through a just resistance to these acts of despotism. The opinions of our sovereign courts of justice are now known and established. I rejoice that several others, who suffered † before me,

† The reverend Mr. John Entick, Mr. Arthur Beardmore, and others, were apprehended on account of the *Monitor* in 1762, but did not bring their actions against the Secretaries of State, or the Messengers, till 1764.

have made their appeal to the laws, and obtained redress. I hope the iron rod of ministerial oppression is at length broken, and that I am the last victim of violence and cruelty. I shall not then regret all the sacrifices I have made, and my mind shall feast itself with the recollection in the unjust exile I am doomed to suffer from my friends and my native land.

I will now, my lord, only add, however unfashionable such a declaration may be, that consistency shall never depart from my character, that to the last moment I will preserve the same fixed and unconquerable hatred to the enemies of our happy island, the same warm attachment to the friends and the cause of liberty, that I keep a steady and a longing eye on England, that my endeavours for the good and service of my country by every method left me shall have a period only with my life, and that although I do not mean to lay any future claim to your grace's favour, I will take care to secure your esteem. I am, my Lord,

your grace's most obedient,  
and very humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

*Gratias tibi, Deus optume, maxume, cujus nutu et imperio nata est et aucta res Anglicana, lubens lætusque ago, libertate publicâ in banc diem et horam, per manus, quod voluisti, meas, servatâ, eandem et in æternum serva, fove, protege propitiate, supplex oro.*

St.

St. James's Chronicle of May 26, 1767.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

**I** Give you joy of your correspondent from *Woodford*, whose letter I read in your Chronicle of Thursday May 7. He is the most wonderful modest creature I have heard of, for he pretends to understand *Latin* better than the old Romans, and calls Paulus Æmilius, Scipio Africanus, Marcus Porcius Cato, &c. &c. to account for blunders in their mother tongue, and on the most deliberate, solemn occasions.

He says, "As Mr. Wilkes has given us a Latin prayer after the conclusion of his letter to a truly great and noble personage; permit me amongst other inelegancies in it, which I pass over, to correct a piece of false Latin: The two last Lines are, *Eandem & in æternum serva, fove, protege propitiate, supplex oro.*

"The classic writers always use the conj. *ut* after *oro*, as *oro ut—Eandem & in æternum, servas, foveas, protegas, &c. supplex oro.* 'Tis a pity this gentleman had not spared himself the trouble of this Latin composition."

Now, Sir, it is a little unlucky for your correspondent that *he did spare himself the trouble of this Latin composition*, for it is two thousand years old. It is the exact formula of the Roman generals when they triumphed, on their mounting the triumphal car, and entering afterwards the temple of *Jupiter Feretrius* at the Capitol.

Capitol. No alteration is made in the form, except *res Anglicana* for *res Romana*, and the turn to Liberty, a Goddess, to whom his devotion ought to be sincere, from the great sacrifices he has made at her altar. I scorn, sir, to put the sacred classic page into the profane hands of your correspondent. I would not give my champaign to a Dane or a Dutchman. I will treat him only with muddy porter from two fellows as dull as himself, but much more exact. He may find in *Blondi Flavii Forlivienfis de Roma triumphante Libri decem, Basilia, 1531, Folio, p. 214, and 216*, a curious detail of every thing relative to the Roman triumph, from the best authors of antiquity. I refer him likewise to *Joachimi Jobannis Maderi Notæ in Onupbrii Panuvini de Triumpho Commentarium, Patavii, 1681, folio, page 139, and 143*. He will see in both the most entire justification of the Latin prayer, and of every single word used; *servate, foveate, protegete propitiati, supplex oro*, only in the plural, from the plurality of Gods in the heathen creed.

Who can tell, sir, but it was a tenderness for some modern courtiers, and apostate patriots, made him give a prayer for public liberty in Latin, although indeed the Roman language is too free and too manly for any, but freemen?

Your correspondent goes on, "The classic writers always use the conj. *ut* after *oro*, as *oro ut*." The assertion is not true. They sometimes use the imperative mood, and the subjunctive often after *oro* without the *ut*. Two instances of this are sufficient from writers of such

such established authority as *Virgil* and *Plautus*. In the very first book of the *Æneid* we find

ORAMUS PROHIBE *infandos à navibus ignes*.

Had the happy translation of *Plautus*, just published by Mr. Thornton, given your correspondent the curiosity of consulting the original, two things would have followed. He would have admired the learning and genius of Mr. Thornton, and he would have found in the very first scene of the first act of the first play, *Amphitryon*,

*Velatis manibus ORANT IGNOSCAMUS peccatum suum,*

without the *ut* expressed. Mr. Thornton observes on this passage, that “for *purity* and *conciseness* of expression, exquisite painting, &c. this narrative might not perhaps have appeared *outrée* or *misbecoming* in a *Livy* or a *Lucan*.”

The truth is, that the imperative or subjunctive mood may be used indifferently with *oro*, and the subjunctive with or without the *ut*, according to the turn of the phrase. The same variety is in our own language. In English we might say equally well, *Remove, we humbly beseech you, most gracious sovereign, from your presence and councils for ever, John earl of Bute, and all the people shall rejoice*; or, *We humbly beseech you, most gracious sovereign, that you would please to remove, or still more simply, We humbly beseech you, most gracious sovereign, to remove, from your presence and councils for ever, John earl of Bute, and all the people shall rejoice*. Both  
are



are good. Grant this our petition, we humbly beseech thee, ob! Lord, from thy great goodness to this poor people; or, We humbly beseech thee, ob! Lord, that thou wouldst grant, or to grant this our petition, from thy great goodness to this poor people. Give me leave to mention one more instance, to which I am led by the former. Slay me rather, ob! my God, than make me a William Pitt, earl of Chatham, I pray thee; or, I pray thee rather, ob! my God, that thou wouldst slay me, or to slay me, than to make me a William Pitt, earl of Chatham.

The positiveness of your correspondent is rather disgusting, but if he has any grace left, he will now ask pardon of the manes of the great Romans for having charged them with inelegancies and false Latin. I almost suspect that he is a mere school-boy gone to *Woodford* for the Easter holydays. He may continue there, for I scarcely think it worth his parents while to send him to *Oxford*. He is not yet sufficiently advanced even in school-learning, nor indeed in any way promising enough.

He is "sorry to see this champion of liberty, Mr. Wilkes, fall into one of the errors of the popish church, the praying in an *unknown tongue*." *Latin* I must own seems an *unknown tongue* to your correspondent; but I believe there is some little difference between the *latinity* of this prayer, and that of the vulgate bible, or the mass book. It would be easier perhaps to prove Mr. Wilkes a good Roman, than a good Roman catholic.

He

He “ begins to fear Mr. Wilkes’s religion is in danger from his residing in France.” Is it his fault that he continues in France? I know how much he longs, and how deeply he feels for England. *Patriam eluxit jam gravis et diutius quam ulla mater unicum filium.* I wish he was at home again, and the bitter enemy of his country and himself abroad. I hope it will not be forgot that the *Marquis of \* Squillace is now in Italy.* I do not think France is a country of much religion. The French do not trouble themselves greatly about making profelytes. They are rather employed in the way, which the prophet Jeremiah mentions, chap. V. verse 8. “ They were as fed horses in the morning, “ every one neighed after his neighbour’s wife.” I have no fears for his religion, for I know him and *Paris*, where he generally resides. No *faith* remains there, but

Th’ enormous *faith* of many made for one,  
if I may be allowed to quote that English *papist*, Pope, vol. III. page 96. Warburton’s octavo edition. I hope THAT *faith* will never again be the *court creed* in England, as it was too long under the northern race of the Stuarts. I pawn my honour that Mr. Wilkes will never believe it. He leaves it to those wretches, who, under the Brunswick line, endeavour to revive doctrines which drove out the Tarquins.

\* The king of Spain had been prevailed upon to dismiss that Minister, as generally odious to his people, and the Marquis was then in Italy, but lord Bute still continued at St. James’s.

I ob-

I observed, sir, a most curious postscript to the letter from Woodford.

N. B. " The king prays in English."

The language is not material. God understands all languages. It is important that the spirit of the prayer should be for the welfare of his people, and the preservation of public liberty. It interests us all still more that the practice of the sovereign should be uniform to those two great objects. By such a steady and firm conduct only, the name of *George the Third* will become sacred to all posterity with that of our heroic deliverer, *William the Third*, and the amiable monarch now on the throne will approve himself the

Great Friend of Liberty; in Kings a Name  
Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame.

POPE, vol. iv. p. 147.

I am, Sir, your's,

Et potus, et exlex\*.

\* Hor. Ars Poetica.

A Letter

A Letter from Mr. Andrew Baxter, author of  
*MATHO, An Enquiry into the Nature of the  
 human soul, &c. \**

My dearest Mr. Wilkes,

**Y**OUR letter of December the 12th alarmed me, by hearing you had got such a dangerous fall off your horse. Moderate exercise is good, but dangerous exercise, such as riding a fiery horse is not commendable; and if you would oblige Mrs. Wilkes, if you would oblige all your friends, and all good men, who conceive great hopes from you, you will be more cautious for the future. We had a terrible instance in the news-papers lately of a man spoke wonderfully well of, who got his death by such a fall.—As to altering any thing in the address to you before the *Appendix* II, I durst not

\* A false and imperfect copy of this letter was printed in a Scots Magazine.

|| In another letter he says, “ I have employed my time of late in considering the difference, or controversy, between the English and foreign philosophers concerning the force of bodies moving in free spaces, which in its consequences spreads far and wide through natural philosophy. I have shewn demonstratively that the experiments brought by the foreign philosophers to establish their new theory, are applicable entirely to the English computation, which they beautifully confirm and illustrate, and that these learned gentlemen have quite mistaken them. We talked  
 “ much

not do it without your participation, unless you had suggested something you would have had changed ; and by this time I suppose it is published. If not, I beg you cause change any thing you think proper. I wrote to Mr. Millar, after presenting some copies to gentlemen in London, to send down five copies of it to lord Blantyre at Edinburgh, to be given to particular friends there, and I wish you would speak to him of it—As to the state of my disease, unless I would make suppositions contrary to all probability, I have no reasonable hopes of recovery, the swelling which began at my legs, being now got up to my belly and head. I am a trou-

“ much of this you may remember in the *Capuchin's garden at Spa*. I have finished the  
 “ *prima cura* of it in the dialogue way : I design to inscribe it to my dear John Wilkes,  
 “ whom, under a borrowed name, I have made  
 “ one of the interlocutors. If you are against  
 “ this whim (which a passionate love to you  
 “ has brought me to bed of) I will drop it.

“ In the mean time I shall publish an *Appendix* to the *Enquiry*, which you must give me  
 “ leave to inscribe to you in the following manner. *Sir, the subject of our conversation in*  
 “ *the Capuchin's garden at Spa in the summer*  
 “ *of 1745, lies still by me in the dress it was put*  
 “ *in. I have not leisure at present to prepare it*  
 “ *for the public view. In the interim I send you*  
 “ *the following sheets, as a token of my sincere*  
 “ *respect. It is a pleasure to think on the time*  
 “ *we spent so agreeably together. I am, &c.*”

The *Appendix* was afterwards published with the above dedication.

ble



ble to all about me, especially to my poor wife, who has the life of a slave night and day, in helping me to take care of a diseased carcass. Yet I may linger on a while, as I can still walk a little through the room, and divert myself now and then with reading, nay, and writing down my remarks on what I read. But I can with sincerity assure you (my most dear Mr. Wilkes) death has nothing terrible to me; or rather I look upon it with pleasure. I have long and often considered, and written down, the advantages of a separate state. I shall soon know more than all the men I leave behind me; wonders in material nature and the world of spirits, which never entered into the thoughts of philosophers. The end of knowledge *there* is not to get a name, or form a new sect, but to adore the power and wisdom of the Deity. This kills pride, but heightens happiness and pleasure. All our rational desires, because rational, must be satisfied by a being himself infinitely rational. I have been long aware that nothing can go beyond the grave but the habits of virtue and innocence. There is no distinction in that world, but what proceeds from virtue or vice. Title and riches are laid off, when the shroud goes on. But oh! my dearest friend, I cannot conceal from you a topic of inexpressible pleasure. Punishment itself is pleasant. God does not punish out of anger and revenge, to destroy, as we wrathful men conclude, but to correct and make better. That is the true end of punishment. Boundless punishment would shew incontrollable power, but chastisement in proportion to our faults, shews the divine perfection of *Equity*, and with a design to correct,

not

not to throw us off, shews mercy. The end of God's punishing us therefore is our final happiness. Are not these comfortable topics at the approach of death?—Besides, what is it to be free from the pains and infirmities of the body? Though I am satisfied just now that the weakness of my distressed limbs is as much the immediate effect of the same power and goodness, as their growth and strength was sixty years ago. Dare I add a word without being thought vain? This is owing to my having reasoned honestly on the nature of that dead substance *matter*. It is as utterly inert when the tree flourishes, as when the leaf withers. And it is the same divine power differently applied, that directs the last parting throb, and the first drawing breath. O the blindness of those who think matter can do any thing of itself, or perform an effect without impulse and direction by immaterial power!—As to party-philosophers who are for one side only, and contract a personal dislike to those who are not as stiff, they are to be pitied. I see them making their court to the heads of the party, and thus angling for a little reputation, at second hand. It is astonishing, my dear sir, that all men are forced to own, that *all matter necessarily resists a change of its present state, either of rest or motion*; and yet when they come to the genuine consequence of this, to wit, that the Deity performs immediately all that is done in the material universe, they retract the former self-evident truth, and ascribe to this *resisting substance*, both a self-motive, and self determining power. I know not one book of natural philosophy, not one,  
free

free from this inconsistency. And though I be the only person, (for any thing I know) who has endeavoured to establish the particular Providence of the Deity, and shew his incessant influence and action on all the parts of matter, through the wide universe, from the inactivity of this dead substance : yet I hope when the present party-zeal subsides a little, men will come more easily in to own such a plain truth. And from the same obvious principle a great many absurd notions in natural philosophy, concerning *powers in matter*, will be rejected—I own, if it had been the will of heaven, I would have gladly lived, till I had put in order the second part of the *Enquiry*, shewing the Immortality of the human soul : But infinite wisdom cannot be mistaken in calling me sooner. *Our blindness makes us form wishes*. I have left seven or eight different manuscript books, where all the materials I have been collecting for near thirty years are put down without any order, in the book that came next to hand, in the place or circumstances I was in at the time. I took all these papers to Holland with me, thinking to put them in order there ; but you know that was impracticable. And since I came home, I have been prevented, either with looking after country affairs, or want of health. There are a great many miscellaneous subjects in philosophy, of a very serious nature, few of them ever considered before as I know of ; but (as I have hinted above) a short time of *separate existence* will make every good man look with pity on the deepest researches we make here, and which we are apt to be vain of.—Thus I have  
writ

writ you every thing I had to say. It will be kind if you send me a last letter. I wish you and Mrs. Wilkes all possible prosperity. And though I cannot do you any service here, yet I hope our friendship shall never end.

AND. BAXTER.

Whittingham. Jan. 29. 1750.

Letters

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Letters of Dr. Brewster, author of an excellent translation of Persius.

Bath, May 20.

DEAR SIR,

YOU find me for once somewhat in the case of a fair young virgin, hardly able to withstand your solicitations, they are so warm and engaging, and yet afraid to comply with them, though pleasure must be the certain consequence. But the fair ones I believe you have always found at last consenting; and as they are most admirable precedents, so I follow their example. It is true, I ought to be ashamed of not complying without reluctance; (in that point indeed the young ladies and I a little differ) but you know the unhappy cause—some time next week then, I shall endeavour to wait on you at Aylesbury.

I scarce know a man in the world, whom I would go farther to see, or to whom I would sooner dedicate my time and myself. You need not, for my temptation, in the account you give me of the wonderful verdure of the rich vale of Aylesbury, and the fragrance of your bean fields in full blossom, have described Arabia Felix, for I could readily have waited on you in the very desarts.

Dr. \*\*\* is the only one whom I know among the faculty, that composes tragedy. His brethren content themselves with barely furnishing



nishing subjects for it, widows and orphans.

I am, dear Sir,

Your faithful, and obliged,  
humble servant,

THO. BREWSTER.

DEAR SIR,

**T**HERE is nothing I long for so much, as to be reading a chapter with you, at Aylesbury, in the old black letter. However hurtful you may find it to the eyes, I am persuaded your learned and pious expositions, will render it highly edifying and comfortable to the heart. I will therefore (God willing) fulfil yet my promise, and wait on you before this summer ends. That I do not set out immediately, I do assure you is not my fault, but merely my misfortune. Two or three anomalous patients unluckily detain me here at present; and when they will be pleased to release me, upon my word is more than I can yet tell, or even conjecture. It is a strange thing that people who have the whole year before them, to be sick in, can find no other part of it, for that purpose, but just the particular time when I should be enjoying the happiness of your company.

Whatever may be the weather at Aylesbury, I have no doubt of meeting with gaiety and pleasure, when I meet with Mr. Wilkes, and am in the mean time, his obliged friend,

and obedient Servant,

THO. BREWSTER.

Bath, June 30.

Bath,

Bath, Jan. 6, 1755.

DEAR SIR,

**T**HOUGH I am sitting down but now, to acknowledge the favour of your letter, I must nevertheless own I received it in due time; even on Christmas-day in the morning. The contents I hoped would have informed me, that you were soon following: but upon perusal, how grievous was the disappointment! Almost enough to sadden the most joyous of all seasons.

The Royal Society by taking the steps you mention, may happily once again favour us with a little common sense; which, among all the strange things they have for some time published, will itself, I should believe, be esteemed the strangest. But the more they reform, the less perhaps they will entertain, which I wish may not be likewise the case of our reforming friend. However if Mr. \* \* \* be in earnest so desperately resolved on matrimony, I heartily wish him all the happiness it can afford; and hope you are ready with his epithalamium. This indeed is a season, whose coldness admonishes us all to think of good warm wives. It makes me do so sometimes, among the rest: but a line or two of Horace, on the other hand, a little discourages,

Quæ bellua ruptis,  
Cum semel effugit, reddit se prava catenis?

The French of our times, I find greatly surpass the Greeks of Juvenal's. *Natio comæda est,*  
I even

even down to their very dogs: who indeed, by your account of those at the Haymarket, seem to be a most extraordinary race of puppies. Methinks it is pity but they should be well principled: and for that good end have governors and preceptors out of hand appointed them. You who have the saving of souls so very much at heart, I wonder you do not recommend them, either to the promoters of Christian knowledge, or to the propagators of the Gospel in foreign parts: who surely would not do amiss to consider that the greatest of all charities should begin at home.

To the wit and pleasure of this place, I am quite a stranger. For that I must therefore beg leave to refer you to the pen of Mr. \* \* \*, our gallant, gay Lothario.

I am, ever your's,

THO. BREWSTER.

Burton-Court near Lemster, July 29, 1758.

DEAR SIR,

**Y**OUR letter found me under the apple-trees of Herefordshire, where I have now been above these three months, in such a solitude as I am only fit for. The truth is, I am but in a ruinous sort of condition, nodding, as it were, to my fall: and my tremors, at all times bad enough, under the observation of company, are still worse. For these reasons, though

though the pleasures of Aylesbury have left a very strong impression, yet dare I not accept your kind invitation to repeat them ; but wishing you all happiness in all places, am, dear Sir,

Your most obliged, and

affectionate Friend,

THO. BREWSTER.

A Letter of the Reverend Dr. Douglas, author of several pamphlets, relative to the imposture of Archibald Bower, and of other pieces.

Half-Moon street, Piccadilly, April 1, 1762.

S I R,

**Y**OU will excuse the trouble I give you, because it is on an affair of infinite concern to my character, and I think you have it in your power to do me justice. A report has been set about, that I am the author of the *Observations on the Spanish Papers*, which, if it gains credit, will be as prejudicial to my interest, as it is absolutely unsupported by truth. You may please to remember you told me in the Park, the very day after the pamphlet appeared, *that you heard I had writ it.* It is become necessary for me, by the advice of the most respectable friends, to trace this groundless story to the fountain head; and therefore I apply to you, begging you would recollect *who told you* I was the author, that so I may be able effectually to stop the progress of a report, which if at first propagated only wantonly, will, I fear, if not traced to its source, in the end have the same bad effects, as if it had come from the most determined malice.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient and

most humble servant,

JOHN DOUGLAS.

Win-



Winchester, April 6, 1762.

SIR,

I Had the honour of your letter at Basingstoke in my march to this place. When I was last in the foolish circle at the Smyrna, the *Observations on the Spanish Papers* were talked of, and as you know the sages there pretend to infinite sagacity, they were generally given to you, though a few ascribed them to *Mauduit*, the author of the famous *Considerations*. I am entirely satisfied with your authentic assurances on this subject, and on every occasion will contradict so groundless a report.

There is not a man in this country, who more honours your superior literary abilities than I do, nor more warmly wishes, for the dignity of our church, to see them rewarded in an eminent and distinguished manner. I shall be strenuous in contradicting the report, for undoubtedly the author of the *Observations* has no chance of favour from any of the present powers; and if he is the unlucky *Mauduit*, he has overthrown all the merit he might with some derive from the *Considerations*. I hope that your other friends will exert themselves with the same zeal on this occasion as I assure you I shall, for I am, with real regard,

SIR,

Your very humble servant,

JOHN WILKES.

## Letters of Mr. ROBERT LLOYD.

**M**R. Churchill inscribed to this gentleman the gay and spirited epistle of *Night*. A short character of him is extracted from the notes on that poem. Mr. Lloyd dedicated to Mr. Wilkes *The New-River-Head, a Tale*, at the very time that all the prosecutions were carrying on for the *North Briton* and the papers stolen out of his house, and afterwards addressed to him the following lines.

What tho' oppression, with her desperate tools  
Of bold, mean knaves, and weak complying fools,  
Lord it abroad, yet, *Wilkes*, thy honour'd name,  
Built on the solid base of patriot fame,  
Shall in truth's page to latest years descend,  
And babes unborn shall hail thee *England's friend*;  
A just reward shall future times bestow,  
And pay those honours which the present owe.

THE poem of *Night* was written by Mr. Churchill in vindication of himself and Mr. Lloyd against the censures of some false, treacherous, and hypocritical friends, who affected to pay the highest compliments to their genius, but appeared equally pleased and industrious in seizing every opportunity of condemning their conduct in private life. These \* *prudent* persons,

\* There is no talent so useful towards rising in the world, or which puts men more out of the reach of fortune, than that quality generally possessed by the dullest sort of people, and is in common speech called *discretion*, a species of  
of

sons, whom neither love, pleasure, nor pity, ever drew for a single moment out of their way, found a malicious pleasure in propagating the story of every unguarded hour, and in gratifying that rage after the little anecdotes of admired authors, upon which small wits subsist. Such a proceeding ought however in all fairness to be considered only as the low *gossiping* of the literary world. Scandal amuses the circle of the gay and polite in the same manner. The curiosity of the town was fed by these people from time to time, and every *dull lecturer* within the bills of mortality comforted himself that he did not *keep such hours* as Mr. Churchill and Mr. Lloyd.

The poet does not blush to own that he often passed the *night* after the manner of the first men of antiquity, who knew how to redeem the fleeting hours from *death's half-brother*, and fellow-tyrant, *sleep*. They likewise lamented the shortness and uncertainty of human life. Such reflections however in them produced neither melancholy nor despair, but served to give a keener relish to their pleasures, and were perpetual \* incitements not to let any portion of  
life

of lower *prudence*, by the assistance of which, people of the meanest intellectuals, without any other qualification, pass through the world in great tranquility, and with universal good treatment, neither giving nor taking offence.

SWIFT. Essay on the Fates of Clergymen.

\* Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.

Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,

life pass unenjoyed. They were generally employed in celebrating the mysteries of the god of love, who delights in the friendly gloom of *night*, or the rites of the genius of friendship, when he does not languish under the impertinence of the *day's* insipid visitors. The two English poets were worthy of the converse of the most genial wits of Rome and Greece. They may perhaps have been censured by some wondrous grave moderns, cold-blooded critics, void of all fire and fancy, but in a more classic age their happy sallies would not have ill become the *Noctes Atticae*.

Mr. Robert Lloyd was educated with Mr. Churchill at Westminster school, and the strictest friendship always subsisted between them. The talents of Mr. Lloyd were eclipsed by those of our poet, *qui omnes extinxit, stellas exortus uti aetherius sol*, yet he never shewed the least jealousy or envy on account of the decided superiority, which the public gave to his friend. Mr. Lloyd was mild and amiable in private life, of gentle manners, and very engaging in conversation. He was an excellent scholar, and an easy, natural poet. His peculiar excellence was,

Et domus exilis Plutonia; quò simul mearis,  
Nec regna vini fortiere talis, &c.

HORACE.

Soles occidere, et redire possunt;  
Nobis, quem semel occidit brevis lux,  
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.  
Da mihi basia mille, deinde centum, &c.

CATULLUS.

the

the dressing up an old thought in a new, neat, and trim manner. He was contented to scamper round the foot of Parnassus on his little Welch pony, which seems never to have tired. He left the fury of the winged steed, and the daring heights of the sacred mountain, to the sublime genius of his friend. When the unhappy circumstances of Mr. Lloyd at length had forced him to retire to the Fleet, the friendship of Mr. Churchill was the almost single remaining source of his comfort and support. He received the regular bounty of a guinea every week, and the same generous friend likewise paid all the expences of a servant, who constantly attended him. He had a very grateful heart, and his sufferings seemed to have added to the tenderness of his nature. The following letters will shew his warm attachment to his friends, and how extremely sensible he was of every kindness.

Vine-Street, May 31, 1763.

MY DEAR WILKES,

**I**T is impossible for me to express the infinite obligation you have conferred upon me, by your unsolicited and generous behaviour of yesterday. Give me leave only to assure you, that I am, and ever shall be, in the truest sense,

Your most sincere and

affectionate friend,

ROBERT LLOYD.

I 5

Tues-



Tuesday morning.

DEAR SIR,

**I** HAVE hunted you several times, but unfortunately to no purpose. This morning indeed I thought myself sure of you at nine o'clock. But I found you had been gone out an hour. As I returned, I overtook Dr. Markham going to his morning task in Westminster school.—What an example does the man of pleasure set the man of business? I wish you would let me know whether you intend being at the Shakespeare meeting to-night. For as Churchill is out of town, unless I am assured of your being there, I shall be a home-keeper. You talked of going to the Westminster play—if you are not engaged; their next exhibition is on Friday. But what a conjurer I am to tell you that which the enclosed tickets will inform you of much more learnedly?

I shall hope for the pleasure of conducting you there, and am,

Dear Sir,

Your very sincere friend,

and obedient, humble servant,

R. LLOYD.

My

MY DEAR WILKES,

**Y**OUR letters have given me inexpressible uneasiness concerning my friend Charles; and your not giving a direction, leaves me in still greater anxiety that this may not reach you, and I consequently hear nothing how he does. Indeed we are all much alarmed; for though the seeming spirits of your letter to me gave us hopes it might not be so bad with him, that which Jack has received, entirely quashes them. Pray let me hear from you the earliest opportunity, and direct to me at the Fleet coffee-house. I hope I shall not be doubly unfortunate in the loss of my friends, and be reduced to the comfortless necessity of brooding over my own calamities in this ungrateful situation. Dear Wilkes, give me all the information you can, and what services I can do, a duty I owe to you both, command. I am, in the sincerest affection,

Your's ever,

R. LLOYD.

Tuesday, Nov. 20, Fleet.

DEAR WILKES,

**I** WILL spare your own feelings and mine by any reflexions on our irreparable loss. You did not, I imagine, receive my letter directed for you at an uncertainty, at the post-house, or if you did, you returned no answer, I suppose because you could give no comfort. I am pleased to find from Mr. Cotes, who communicated your letter to him this day to me,  
that

that you will be kind to the remains of our dear friend. What is in my power to execute, you will direct and command. And I could much wish, you would as early as you can bring your mind to write on such a subject; give me your opinion (which shall be decisive) as to the publication of the fragment of the verse preface to the *Sermons*, and that other of the *Journey*.

The volume I have hastened, and the *Times*, *Farewel*, and *Independence*, are only wanting to complete it.—Would it be improper that as a friend I should say a word or two before this second volume, which for the sake of the family we apprehend should be delayed for a further opportunity of enlarging the subscription? Do, if it is only for the sake of my consolation, who indeed most truly want it, write to me, and as the memory of Charles was dear to you, do not forget him, who is most unfortunate in the loss of the living, and the dead friend.

My own affairs I forbear to mention. Thornton is what you believed him. I have many acquaintance, but now no friend here.

I am, with the greatest sincerity of friendship and affection,

Your's ever,

R. LLOYD.

Mr. Lloyd soon after died in the Fleet prison, absolutely of a broken heart. *Blush, grandeur, blush!*

Letters

## Letters of Mr. CHURCHILL.

My dear WILKES,

**I** Am infinitely obliged to you for the concern you express for my health, but what account to give you of it, I can't well tell. I am better as to acuteness of pain.

After having accus'd me on account of my indolence, dost thou not now tremble at the sight of a whole sheet? Have you laid in a stock of patience, or sufficiently prepar'd yourself for the Christian duty of mortification? I shall try the strength of your virtues, and the sincerity of your conversion to the doctrines of patience and forbearance.

The affair of Lord Talbot still lives in conversation, and you are spoken of by all with the highest respect. Lord Weymouth gives you the greatest encomiums. Your friends at the beef-stake enquir'd after you last Saturday with the greatest zeal, and it gave me no small pleasure that I was the person of whom the enquiry was made. Colonel \* \* \* \* \* desires his compliments in the warmest terms, and declares he must be known to you with the first occasion. Nothing ever gave me so high an opinion of myself, as not being envious of you.

Think not that the Scottish eclogue totally stands still, or that I can ever be unmindful of any thing, which I think will give *Wilkes* pleasure, and which I am certain will do me honour in having his name prefix'd. The present state  
of

of it however stands thus—it is split into two poems—the Scottish Eclogue, which will be inscrib'd to you in the pastoral way—and another poem—which I think will be a strong one—immediately address'd by way of epistle to you—this way they will both be of a piece, otherwise it wou'd have been,

*Delpbinum silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.*

The pastoral begins thus—and I believe will be out soon—but nothing comes out till I begin to be pleas'd with it myself,

When Cupid first instructs, &c. &c. †.

The other runs thus,

From solemn thought, &c. &c. †

Can *Wilkes*?—I know thou canst—retreat a while,

Learn pity's lesson, and disdain to smile.

Oft have I heard thee, &c. &c. †

*Hirco*—the MORAL *Hirco*—stains the bed  
Of that kind Master, who first gave him bread,  
Scatters the seeds of discord thro' the land,  
Breaks ev'ry public, ev'ry private band,  
Beholds with joy a trusting friend undone,  
Betrays a brother, and would cheat a son.  
If *Hirco* suffers we are all content,  
But should blind rage involve the innocent?  
The faults of one shall we to all impute?  
Shall vicious *Hirco* injure virtuous *Bute*? \*

† Vide the printed edition of *The Prophecy of Famine*.

\* Compare this with the *Conference* in the printed edit. *Hirco*, who knows not *Hirco*, &c.

Thus



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Thus much for rhyme. I have made the N. B. entirely out of your letters. There is a very decent Irishism, unless for *cautious of avoiding* you read *careful to avoid*.

I am, with the utmost sincerity,

Your's ever,

C. CHURCHILL.

Aug. 3, 1763.

My dear Wilkes,

I Could not write sooner. Would it not have been more for your comfort not to have wrote at all?

News there is none, or, as Dr. Markham under Lord Stormont's name most Christ-Churchically expresses it, *no notices come here*.

I am full of work, and flatter myself my spirits are pretty good—I live soberly—enjoy health—and could, I believe, answer a bill on sight to any woman—but my wife. Next winter is certainly ordained for the rising and falling of many in Israel—The Lord forbid I should be idle in so great a work, *aut tanto cessarim cardine rerum*. Several poems I shall have out soon, but not, I hope, so soon as to cut them off from the advantage of your criticism. Mr. \*Pope ought

\* Mr. Churchill thought meanly of Pope's private character, and was always disgusted with the

ought surely to feel some instinctive terrors, for  
against

the extravagant compliments paid by the minor critics to him, as the *first* of our poets. Shakespeare, the boast of human nature, Milton, the English Homer, and Dryden in Churchill's phrase *the great High-Priest of all the Nine*, were in his opinion greatly superior to *Pope* in all the creative powers, which are only given to the truly inspired. Dryden likewise he thought excelled *Pope* even in the magic of numbers. This is marked very strongly in the *Apology*.

In polish'd numbers, and majestic sound,  
Where shall thy rival, *Pope*, be ever found?  
But whilst each line with equal beauty flows,  
E'en excellence unvaried tedious grows.

Afterwards he says of *Dryden*,

Numbers ennobling numbers in their course,  
In *varied* sweetness flow, in *varied* force.

The pow'rs of *genius* and of *judgment* join,  
And the whole Art of Poetry is thine.

*Voltaire* said, "that *Pope* drove gently about  
" town a neat, gilt chariot with a pair of bays,  
" but *Dryden* poured along the plain a full gal-  
" lop in a coach and six fiery horses." The writings of *Pope*, almost the only true correct, elegant, and high-finished poems in our language, breathe the purest morality, the most perfect humanity and benevolence. In the commerce of life however he shewed himself not scrupulously moral, and was a very selfish, splenetic, malevolent being. The friends, whom he most loved, were the sworn enemies of the liberties of his country, Atterbury, Oxford, and Bolingbroke, on whom he lavished the sweet incense

against him I have double pointed all my little  
thunder-

cense of a delicate, exquisite praise, which ought only to have been purchased by virtue. Bolingbroke *thought* for him. He might very well say, speaking of his *Grotto* at Twickenham,

*Here, nobly-pensive, St. John sate and thought.*

St. John continued in his exile the *guide, philosopher, and friend of Pope*, sent him from France the plan of the *Essay on Man*, and even sketched out the ornaments. The reasoning part of it the poet did not at first comprehend. Bolingbroke's posthumous works, and the first edition of the *Essay*, fully prove this. Instead of

Let us (since life can little more supply

Than just to look about us and to die)

Expatriate free o'er all this scene of Man ;

A mighty maze ! *but not* without a plan,

it was at first published,

A mighty maze ! *of walks* without a plan.

In the fourth Epistle likewise those lines of the first edition,

God sends not ill, 'tis nature lets it fall,

Or chance escape, and man improves it all,

were in the later publications altered to the four following,

God sends not ill ; if rightly understood,

All partial ill is universal good,

Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,

Short, and but rare, till man improv'd it all.

Crouzaz wrote against the first edition of the *Essay*. Warburton artfully defended the poem from the later editions.

To such a man as the poet was in private Mr.  
Churchill

thunderbolts, in which as to the design, I hope  
I shall

Churchill never appeared very favourable, but he waited till the opinion of the public had fixed the standard of *Pope's* poetical merit, and then intended to have sifted every part of the character of that sharp satirist. We may now almost venture to speak of *Pope* in the words of a great writer, when he says of *Fontenelle*, *il a été sans contredit au-dessus de tous les sçavans (poetes) qui n'ant pas eu LE DON DE L'INVENTION.*

In that incomparable *farewell to the Muses* in the third book of *Gotbam* were two very severe lines against *Pope*, contrasting him strongly with *Dryden*, which however Mr. Churchill did not think proper to print in the poem.

When the sun, beating on the parched soil,  
Seem'd to proclaim an interval of toil,  
When a faint languor crept thro' every breast,  
And things most us'd to labour wish'd for rest,  
How often, underneath a rev'rend oak,  
Where safe, and fearless of the impious stroke,  
Some sacred *Dryad* liv'd, or in some grove,  
Where with capricious fingers *fancy* wove  
Her fairy bow'r, whilst *nature* all the while  
Look'd on, and view'd her mock'ries with a  
smile,

Have we held converse sweet! how often laid,  
Fast by the Thames, in *Ham's* inspiring shade,  
Amongst those Poets, which make up your  
train,

And, after death, pour forth the sacred strain,  
Have I, at your command, in verse grown  
grey, [lay,  
But not impair'd, heard DRYDEN tune that  
Which



I shall have your approbation, when you consider his *heart*, and as to the execution, if you approve it, I can sit down easily, and hear with contempt the censures of all the half-blooded, prudish lords.

For something relative to *Pope* take the following lines, intended as an answer to those, who because I have slightly mention'd a few qualities of a goodly nature of one of my friends, would have me enlarge on his bad, and think me inexcusable for not mentioning them.

Not spare the man I love, not dare to feel  
The partial glowings of a friendly zeal?  
Nature forgives, nay justifies the deed,  
By friendship's first and noblest law decreed.  
Shall I not do then, what in days of yore  
Most bitter satyrists have done before?  
They saw the follies, but they lov'd the men:  
E'en *Pope* could feel for friendship now and then.

I take it for granted you have seen *Hogarth's* \*  
Print

Which might have drawn an Angel from his  
sphere,  
And kept him from his office list'ning here;  
*Whilst POPE, with envy slung, inflam'd with  
pride,*  
*Pip'd to the vacant air on \* t'other side.*

\* *Twickenham.*

† *Mr. Hogarth* was one of the first, who, in the paper war begun by lord Bute on his accession to the treasury, sacrificed private friendship at the altar of party madness. In 1762 the



*Print against me.* Was ever any thing so contemptible?

the *Scottish Minister* took a variety of hirelings into his pay, some of whom were gratified with pensions, others with places and reversions. *Mr. Hogarth* was only made *serjeant-painter* to his Majesty, as if it was meant to insinuate to him, that he was not allowed to paint any thing but the wainscot of the royal apartments. The term means no more than *house-painter*, and the nature of the post confined him to that business. He was not employed in any other way. A circumstance can scarcely be imagined more humiliating to a man of spirit and genius, who really thought that he more particularly excelled in *portrait-painting*.

The new Minister had been attacked in a variety of political papers. The *North Briton* in particular, which commenced the week after the *Briton*, waged open war with him. Some of the numbers had been ascribed to *Mr. Wilkes*, others to *Mr. Churchill*, and *Mr. Lloyd*. *Mr. Hogarth* had for several years lived on terms of friendship and intimacy with *Mr. Churchill* and *Mr. Wilkes*. As the *Buckinghamshire* regiment of militia, which this gentleman had the honour of commanding, had been for some months at *Winchester* guarding the *French* prisoners, the colonel was there on that duty. A friend wrote to him, that *Mr. Hogarth* intended soon to publish a political print of THE TIMES, in which *Mr. Pitt*, Lord Temple, *Mr. Churchill*, and himself, were held out to the public as objects of ridicule. *Mr. Wilkes* on this notice remonstrated by two of their common friends to *Mr. Hogarth*,

temptible? I think he is fairly *felo de se*—I think  
not

*Hogarth*, that such a proceeding would not only be unfriendly in the highest degree, but extremely injudicious; for such a pencil ought to be universal and moral, to speak to all ages, and to all nations, not to be dipt in the dirt of the faction of a day, of an insignificant part of the country, when it might command the admiration of the whole. An answer was sent, that neither Mr. *Wilkes* nor Mr. *Churchill* were attacked in *THE TIMES*, though Lord *Temple* and Mr. *Pitt* were, and that the print should soon appear. A second message soon after told Mr. *Hogarth*, that Mr. *Wilkes* should never believe it worth his while to take notice of any reflections on himself, but if his friends were attacked, he should then think he was wounded in the most sensible part, and would, as well as he was able, revenge their cause; adding, that if he thought the *North Briton* would insert what he sent, he would make an appeal to the public on the very Saturday following the publication of the print. *THE TIMES* soon after appeared, and on the Saturday following No. 17 of the *North Briton*, which is a direct attack on the King's *serjeant-painter*. If Mr. *Wilkes* did write that paper, he kept his word better with Mr. *Hogarth*, than the painter had done with him.

It is perhaps worth remarking, that the painter proposed to give a *series of political prints*, and that *The Times* were marked *Plate I*. No farther progress was however made in that design. The public beheld the first feeble efforts  
with

not to let him off in that manner, although I  
might

with execration, and it is said that the *caricaturist* was too much hurt by the general opinion of mankind, to possess himself afterwards sufficiently for the execution of such a work.

When Mr. *Wilkes* was the second time brought from the Tower to Westminster-hall, Mr. *Hogarth* skulked behind in a corner of the gallery of the *Court of Common Pleas*, and while the *Chief Justice Pratt*, with the eloquence and courage of *old Rome*, was enforcing the great principles of *Magna Charta*, and the *English Constitution*, while every breast from him caught the holy flame of liberty, the painter was wholly employed in *caricaturing* the *person* of the man, while all the rest of his fellow-citizens were animated in his *cause*, for they knew it to be their own cause, that of their country, and of its laws. It was declared to be so a few hours after by the *unanimous* sentence of the *Judges* of that court, and they were all present.

The print of Mr. *Wilkes* was soon after published, *drawn from the life by William Hogarth*. It must be allowed to be an excellent *compound caricatura*, or a *caricatura* of what nature had already *caricatured*. I know but one short apology can be made for this gentleman, or to speak more properly, for the *person* of Mr. *Wilkes*. It is, that he did not make himself, and that he never was solicitous about the *case* of his soul, as *Shakespeare* calls it, only so far as to keep it clean and in health. I never heard that he once hung over the glassy stream, like another *Narcissus*, admiring the image in it, nor  
that

might safely leave him to your *Notes* \*. He has broke into my pale of private life, and set that example of illiberality, which I wished—of that kind of attack which is ungenerous in the first instance, but justice in the return—I intend an elegy on him, supposing him dead, but \* \* tells me with a kiss he will be really dead before it comes out, that I have already kill'd him, &c.

that he ever stole an amorous look at his counterfeited in a side mirror. His form, such as it is, ought to give him no pain, because it is capable of giving pleasure to others. I fancy he finds himself tolerably happy in the *clay-cottage*, to which he is *tenant for life*, because he has learnt to keep it in good order. While the share of health and animal spirits, which heaven has given him, shall hold out, I can scarcely imagine he will be one moment peevish about the *outside* of so precarious, so temporary a habitation, or will even be brought to own, *ingenium Galbæ male habitat. Monsieur est mal logé.*

Mr. Churchill was exasperated at this *personal* attack on his friend. He soon after published the *Epistle to William Hogarth*, and took for the motto, *ut pictura poësis*. Mr. Hogarth's revenge against the poet terminated in vamping up an old print of a pug-dog and a bear, which he published under the title of *The Bruiser C. Churchill (once the Revd.!) in the character of a Russian Hercules, &c.*

\* In Mr. Churchill's Will is the following passage, *I desire my dear friend, John Wilkes, esq; to collect and publish my Works with the Remarks and Explanations he has prepared, and any others he thinks proper to make.*

How



How sweet is flattery from the woman we love, and how weak is our boasted strength when opposed to beauty and good sense with good nature? Those who value themselves on the dignity of man may scorn such a supposition, but I wou'd rather bear that slavery (and it is the only slavery I would tamely bear) than enjoy the empire of mankind.

How is my little muse? how is Miss Wilkes?

I have not, and I am afraid shall not be able to steal to Aylesbury. Some inducement I find wanting to draw me even to the pleasures of that place. Can Wilkes at Paris guess what it is? As little shall I be able to see Mr. Dixon, for your letter to whom I shall not thank you, intending for my own ease to bring all your acts of civility and friendship to one account, which I hope is yet at a great distance. I have begun the fourth Book of the *Ghost*, and by the beginning of next month hope to hear of its being received, where I most wish it should be approved.

Is Paris pleasant? Have the lively Gauls superior attractions to the English? The only thing I envy France is you. For my own sake I could wish it was without pleasure; for your's I could wish every pleasure doubled. Col. \*\*\*\*\* desires to be remembered to you, with many others, and when I reflect on the enquiries made after you by the most sensible of this sinking nation, I cannot help feeling a vain satisfaction, that I am the person of whom they enquire. Lloyd talks of writing, and Fitzherbert, who  
is



is perfectly recover'd, of coming in at the hee of the letter, mean time desiring his best respects. The Post Chaise waits, and Charlotte cries, *Away*.—I beg you will not let me have an opportunity of writing again. I am on fire for Politicks, nor do I perceive one jot of discouragement come from the thought of the King's Bench, and the \**pale Mansfield*. Come over, nor by staying there add one more triumph of peace to France. Your friends long to see you, and none more than

Your's most affectionately,

C. CHURCHILL.

\* In the *Epistle to Hogarth* he says,  
Doth not the voice of *Norton* strike thy ear,  
And the *pale Mansfield* chill thy soul with fear?

The reason of the epithet *pale* being so particularly given to *Lord Mansfield* is best explained by a passage in the last book of the *Ghost*.

*Paleness*, not such as on his wings  
The messenger of sickness brings,  
But such as takes its coward rise,  
From conscious baseness, conscious vice,  
O'erspread his cheeks.

The same thing had been observed by Sallust,  
"Animus impurus, Diis hominibusque infestus,  
"neque vigiliis, neque quietibus sedari poterat:  
"ita conscientia mentem excitam vexabat.  
"Igitur color ei exsanguis," &c.

K

I have

I have resolv'd,

Resolve not quick, but once resolv'd be strong,  
to write an Epic Poem in four books. The  
purport you may guess by the name, CULLO-  
DEN.

I enclose you a copy of a paper, which will  
soon be sent you by the printers, &c. in grati-  
tude for your late labours. I hope you are re-  
cruiting to begin more attacks against the tyran-  
ny of our ministry, which increases every day.

“ We the underwritten, who were contrary  
“ to law imprisoned by the King's Messengers,  
“ desire thus publickly to return thanks to John  
“ Wilkes, Esquire, for his spirited endeavours,  
“ and steady attention, to procure us that re-  
“ dress and satisfaction, which we have at  
“ length obtain'd by the verdicts of our coun-  
“ trymen.”

Witness our hands this, &c.

My

My dear Wilkes,

I Am greatly oblig'd by your's of this morning, and the moment I have occasion, there is no person in the world to whom I wou'd so soon apply as yourself, and from whom I should so willingly receive favours. I shall without scruple shew you what dependance I have on your friendship. The plan of next N. B. I have chang'd, and for this reason, on pursuing it I find it the best subject for a poem I ever had in my life. The *Prophecy of Famine* you may remember took its rise from a similar circumstance, and if I may venture to be prophetic in prose, this will be a much better poem.

I admire exceedingly your \* motto for the last number of the *Auditor*. It will make Murphy mad. My head is full of Hogarth, and as I like not his company, I believe I shall get him on paper, not so much to please the public, not so much for the sake of justice, as for my own ease—a motive ever powerful with indolent minds. I have begun already, and seem to like the subject. I have been so long out of verse, that it appears like a new world, and has acquir'd fresh charms from disuse.

Mr. † Legge enquired affectionately after you.

\* *Discedam, explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.*

Virg. *Æn.* lib. vi.

† Mr. Legge was the first political victim to Lord Bute. Mr. Pitt, and the Dukes of Newcastle, Devonshire, &c. beheld with great in-

you. He is in good spirits, and bears up nobly.

I am ever your's,

C. CHURCHILL.

Should

difference his dismissal. That able Financier foretold that he was only the *first* sacrifice to the Favourite, and that all the rest would follow. He was dismissed without any reason being given to the public, or any charge on his conduct. He observed *that* was the moment of making the opposition to the Minion, and that it was necessary for the preservation of all the other Whigs, who if they did not make the stand then, would attempt it in vain afterwards. His words were prophetic. Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple were soon obliged to resign. The duke of Newcastle was elated at this event, but a few days dashed all his joy, and a few weeks convinced him of the annihilation of his power. He gave up the Treasury, and all his friends went into direct opposition. The Duke of Devonshire was soon after dismissed with still stronger marks of disgust. He was struck off the list of Privy Counsellors.

Perhaps a more remarkable instance is not to be found of the infatuation of statesmen, as well of the little harmony, which generally prevails among them. If Mr. Pitt, the Dukes of Newcastle and Devonshire, &c. had firmly supported so unexceptionable a Minister, and so sensible a man, as Mr. Legge, I am persuaded the

Should I have put my name to the truth? Is it not a libel?

the Favourite must at first have yielded, and they would have become a firm phalanx against all his further attacks, and all future enemies. But they were secret enemies, and false to each other. The sacrifice of one seemed to forward the views of the rest, whereas it only hurried them all on to the period of their extinction. The political death of Mr. *Legge* foretold the speedy dissolution of the others.



My dear Wilkes,

**M**Y not writing to you sooner, and my not giving you earlier notice of my inability to write the N. B. for this week, arises from my flattering myself that I should have been recover'd from my indisposition, but I still keep my bed: when I shall get out of it, I do not guess. Many things have I to say to you, but my head rambles too much for recollection. I am quite exhausted, for I have not been able to sleep for the last week. Would I had a \* *Mason* here!

Lloyd

\* He says in the *Rosciad*,

And waken *mem'ry* with a *sleeping ode*.

The gentle *Billy Mason*, whose poetry runs like a smooth, shallow stream, *somnos et invitat leves*, tuned an *Ode to Memory*, which beyond poppy, or mandragora, or all the drowsy syrups of the world, could after ocular proof give an *Othello* the sweet sleep of yesterday. Mr. Churchill has frequently paid his compliments to Mr. *Mason*. In the *Prophecy of Famine* he carries him to *Kew*, and introduces him to Lord *Bute*.

For bards like these a wreath shall *Mason* bring,  
Linn'd with the softest down of *Folly's* wing;  
In *Love's Pagoda* shall they ever dose,  
And *Gisball* kindly rock them to repose;  
*My Lord*—to letters as to *faith* most true,  
At once their patron and example too,  
Shall quaintly fashion his love-laboured dreams,  
Sigh with sad winds, and weep with weeping  
streams.

In

Lloyd tells me that you have wrote an answer to the supposed *Letter from the Pretender to the Earl of Bute in the North Briton of February the 19th*. He says you have most happily imitated all the *quaintnesses* of Bute's stile, and inserted several curious anecdotes from him to his dear Cousin. Pray send it to me. You are again happy in your § motto to it. Pray finish the paper against the Tories, which you shewed me. I mean that which has the motto,

*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum  
Tendimus in Latium.*

I fear the *damned* \* *Aristocracy* is gaining ground  
in

In the *Journey* likewise he speaks of him not in a very favourable manner.

Let them, tho' modest, *Gray* more modest woove;  
Let them with *Mason* bleat, and bray, and cooe.  
And in several other parts of his works.

§ The motto to this ironical letter of the Earl of Bute to the Pretender was from Ovid,

*Nil mihi rescribas; attamen ipse veni.*

The letter was never published.

\* Let not, whatever other ills assail,

A *damned Aristocracy* prevail. Farewell.

The excellent *D'Alembert* says, " Dans le plan  
" que le celebre Chancelier Oxenstiern donna  
" pour la régence, on remarque un éloigne-  
" ment pour le despotisme, qui doit honorer la  
" mémoire d'un Ministre d'Etat. Il paroît in-  
" cliner pour un gouvernement mêlé du monar-  
" chique et du républicain; et l'on ne peut  
" disconvenir que cette forme n'ait plusieurs  
" grands

in this country.

I am your's most sincerely,

C. CHURCHILL.

“ grands avantages, sans prétendre d'ailleurs  
“ toucher à la question délicate du meilleur gou-  
“ vernement possible, dont la solution peut re-  
“ cevoir différentes modifications par la diffé-  
“ rence des climats, de la situation, des cir-  
“ constances, du génie des Rois et des Peuples.  
“ Mais on ne sauroit soupçonner un esprit aussi  
“ éclairé qu' Oxenstiern d'avoir donné la préfè-  
“ rence, comme quelques-uns l'ont cru, au gouverne-  
“ ment ARISTOCRATIQUE, que le droit naturel  
“ et l'expérience démontrent être le pire de tous.”

Mélanges de Littérature, d'Histoire, et de  
Philosophie. Amst. 1764, vol. ii. p. 237.

In the same poem Mr. Churchill complains of  
*Peers great in power, of principles unsound,*  
*Who look on freedom with an evil eye,*  
*In whom the springs of loyalty are dry,*  
*Who wish to soar on wild ambition's wings,*  
*Who hate the Commons, and who love not*  
*Kings.*

Friday

Friday noon.

My dear Wilkes,

I Wish it was in my power to send you the next Saturday's N. B. according to your desires, but tho' I expected that you would depend on me, I have not as yet wrote a letter of it, according to my usual maxim of putting every thing off till the last. You may be certain however of its being done in time. I have the cause too much at heart to let it be out of my head.

I have just received the following epigram, built on the supposition of my being the N. B.

While the *Briton*, true Scotsman, more cunning  
than wife,

Would cajole us good people with party and lies,  
The *North Briton* steps forth like a *Briton* of old,  
And tells us those truths, which we ought to  
be told,

Oh Patriot Divine, how I honour thy merit !  
Thou hast *twice* laid a \* *Ghost*, may'st thou now  
raise a *Spirit*.

I am very sorry I cannot meet you at Aylesbury, or come to you at Winchester, but that which I at first consider'd as the amusement of a trifling hour is become the serious attention and delight of my days. It has already been so of three weeks, and is likely to continue as much longer. This *universum triduum*. When

\* The *two* first books of the *Ghost* only were then published.

we

we meet, which I flatter myself will be soon, you will be amazed to see how I am alter'd. Breakfast at nine—two dishes of tea and one thin slice of bread and butter—dine at three—eat moderately—drink a sober pint—tumble the bed till four—tea at six—walk till nine—eat some cooling fruit and to bed. There is regularity for you.

Last Saturday I heard the trial of the conspirators relative to Miss Fanny, and was much entertained. They proposed to bring the Girl into Court, but my Lord looking in that way which is called looking we don't know how, and applying his hand to that part of the body, where fools they say are better provided than men of sense, significantly declared that he would advise them not to bring her in, for, quoth my Lord, I find I shall certainly be at her.

I read the two last papers with much pleasure, and hear them well spoken of. There is one circumstance in your letter, which hurts me. You say nothing when you shall be in town. I hope soon. Neither do you mention Miss Wilkes, whom I must not forget.

The paper of the third will never be forgotten, and you will never be forgiven, as it is universally ascribed to you. It has opened the eyes of many. *§ Hated by knaves, and knaves to hate*, may not be your motto, but will undoubtedly be your fate through life.

§ Vide *Swift*.

I desire



I desire you to take great care of your health, and still more of your life. I cannot bear to think that a life, which I value almost equally with my own, should be sacrificed to false principles of honour, though ever ready to be devoted on a true and noble plan. You seem sometimes rather to live in romance, than under the direction of that well-tempered, cool, distinguishing reason, in which no man is generally more happy than you.

The passage you quote from \* Homer ought never one moment to be out of your mind.

I am, my dear Wilkes,

Your's most sincerely,

July 13, 1762.

C. CHURCHILL.

\* Κρείσσων γὰρ βασιλεὺς, οὗτις χερσὶται ἀνδρὶ χερσὶν  
 Εἶπερ γὰρ τι χολὸν γέ και αὐτῆμαρ καλὰ πειρή,  
 Ἀλλὰ γέ και μετοπίσθεν εἴη κοτον, ὅφρα τελευσῇ  
 Ἐν γῆθεσσιν εἴησι. Iliad a. ver. 89.

Oct. 11, 1764.

My dear Wilkes,

**Y**OU are certainly the best temper'd fellow in the World; so ready to forgive the idleness of a friend, and yet never giving him an opportunity of paying you in kind. I am now in the same sentence to thank you for several letters, and likewise for the acquaintance of \* *Goy*, which I deem one of the greatest obligations you have conferred upon me. I have a thousand things to say relative to fools and wise men, Englishmen in France, and Scotsmen in England, but your own affairs are in their own nature so much more pressing, and as to time so very critical, that I shall postpone every other consideration, and give them that preference in my letter they have in my mind.

*Shall you come over in November?* A very pithy manner of asking a question, on the decision of which your whole welfare turns, which you submit to others, when you should ask it of yourself, concerning which your friends may mean well, but you only from your own feel-

\* *Monfieur Pierre Goy*, a French gentleman of fine parts, and excellent wit, whom he mentions in the last poem he published, *Independence*.

*Horace* lov'd mirth, *Mecænas* lov'd it too,  
They met, they laugh'd, as *Goy* and I may do.  
*Dr. Armstrong* has likewise celebrated this gentleman in the Epistle called *A Day*,  
There lively, genial, friendly *Goy* and I, &c.

ings

ings can judge rightly. But take my thoughts thus.

If you stay in France, you will undoubtedly be outlawed: (the consequences of the outlawry are however nothing to a man not foolishly mad after this land of folly). You will not be able to go on *now* against *Halifax*, the cause cannot soon be tried. Yet, if I may advise, stay in France. There is scarcely a consideration that could make me think your return to England in November defensible in the eye of common sense.

Have I made out clearly what I mean? It is a cause in which you have too near a concern for me to be cool and disinterested, and my heart is too much affected to give my head fair play. As there is no man, who is more ready to ask advice, so I am sure there is no one more able to give it you than yourself—I mean your cool and rational self—Consult that, and you cannot do wrong.

Lend us Miss Wilkes—I long to see her—and I am sure you will not refuse her, when I tell you that every true Englishman will be happy in seeing her, and consider her (which I hope it will prove) as a forerunner of him, to whom every true Englishman is most essentially indebted.

Friendship great as mine can scarcely forgive your inattention to the care of your health. Reflect that your country demands your life. The cause of liberty is in your hands, and that  
blessing,

bleſſing, ſo much dearer than life, muſt remain precarious, if not fixed by you. No one can try the Secretary of State, if you do not, and though there is no doubt but there may be arbitrary miniſters in future times, yet 'tis with me a matter of queſtion, whether there may ever be another *Wilkes*.

There is a new print juſt publiſhed of you very like. I have wrote under it the four following lines from *Pope*, who is happy in them.

A ſoul ſupreme, in each hard inſtance try'd,  
Above all pain, all paſſion, and all pride,  
The rage of power, the blaſt of public breath,  
The luſt of lucre, and the dread of death.

I am ever your's,

C. CHURCHILL.



